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INSENSIBILITY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fear not my hatred! I am tired,
Too tired to hate my direst foe.
The flames of passion have expired,
Nothing again can make their glow.
My soul is like some frozen river,
Whose strong, deep currents run,
Unrippled by the soft wind's shiver,
Unfettered by the genial sun.

Nor deem thy smiles again could wake
My icy bosom to unrest;
Firm as the rock where wild waves break,
As cold and passionless, my breast.
Repose its long-sought guerdon brings,
But brings, alas, the boon too late,
The apathy of death but springs
From the fierce fires of love and hate.

And yet the hand I do not blame,
Which dashed my idol to the dust.
Like the proud Parsee to the flame,
I bow to the eternal must.
Too tired to love, too tired to hate,
In my indifference, thou may'st be
As safe as if thou wert to wait
For my forgiveness, full and free.

Natchitoches, La.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LIII.

Erle Gower watched with earnest eyes the form of Lady Maud as she fled from him down the centre of the old library. He caught the sweet—and to him it seemed joyous—expression beaming on her fair countenance, as she turned it, while yet flying.

It was but a fleeting gaze; the last look, ere the door should close him from her eyes; yet it was a gaze which took in no memory of the past, no fear of the future, no sense of surrounding and almost insuperable difficulties of trial or persecution: it expressed only a consciousness of that one moment, inspired by the intensely felicitous perception of loving and being beloved.

So long as her young and graceful form was visible to his eyes, he stood there, unconscious how thin the screen was between him and discovery; but when she had disappeared, and the long, monastic-looking hall wore again its dull and desolate aspect, it struck him that Lady Kingswood, who had called Lady Maud, might, on seeing her appear from the library, be tempted to enter it, with a view of ascertaining what had influenced that fair young creature to pass an hour in a place so grim and lonely.

Securing the small box which he had brought from the old portrait-gallery, he made his way through the secret door by which he entered, and this time retaining the keys, he passed out into the Chace, not by that door which led immediately outside the building, but the passage and outlet which introduced him into a wild part of the Chace itself.

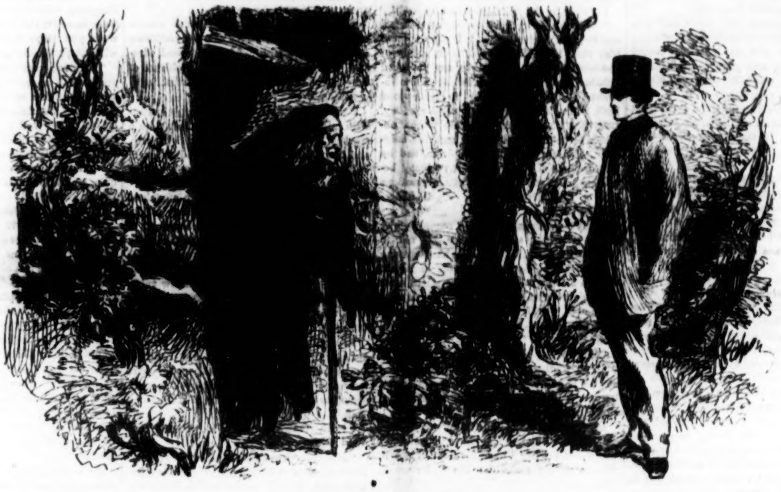
The day was fine, the sky blue, the sun shone brightly, the birds sang with sprightly notes as they perched upon branches and twigs, or darted to and fro. A wind, fresh, but not strong, played among the young leaves, making them rustle and hum, as they waved gracefully under its pressure.

Erle, who was jaded and worn by his night's adventure and his morning's excitement, acknowledged gratefully the pleasant breeze as it cooled his heated brow, and he drew large draughts of it, like one who had suddenly escaped from a stifling vapor into a clear and fragrant atmosphere.

His spirits, too, rose rapidly, for the joy he experienced on finding that Maud loved him, and confessed it to him, was so overpowering, that there was now a freshness and elasticity in the air which made his spirits rise, spring up, and approach a feeling of ecstacy. He was alone, with only the broad canopy of heaven over him, green waving trees around him, and birds singing joyous carols as though they partook of his delight.

Delight, aye! Maud loved him! His heart throbbed, his bosom swelled, emotions such as he had never experienced before convulsed him. There was a wild gush of bright, hot tears from his lids, which no eye but that of Heaven beheld, and there were expressions of delirious happiness from his burning lips which none but those who could have felt as he did would have comprehended had they heard them.

And now from the secret place nearest to his heart he drew forth the small glove and the dried flower, and pressed them passionately to his lips, feeling, as he did so, the pressure of Maud's sweet, soft, pulpy lip, as it clung to his own when they both in the library simultaneously discovered into what emotion their friendship had merged.



ERLE AND OLD ELDRA.

And thus, full of exulting thoughts of rapturous imaginings, of glowing anticipations, he paced to and fro, entirely wrapt in ecstatic contemplation.

His future, even to his sanguine temperament, had appeared at best one which would be tinctured with sadness, because he was unconscious that Maud loved him, and he had some undefined misgivings that she would be ever brought to do so. It is true that he had a fair right to entertain hopes from her conduct to him, from her downcast gaze, her trembling touch, her low-voiced words; but then, he knew how prone the heart is to believe what it wishes; the eye, to see what it hopes; and he feared that, after all the tenderness he had experienced from her, it might be the result only of a sweetness of manner which she displayed to all—except Philip Avon. He could not credit that to him she would be as amiable as he had found her; indeed, he had noticed that she shrank from him even when first they met, and he did not believe that Philip Avon possessed capabilities capable of removing this repugnance, and supplanting it with one of a more tender character.

Now all doubt was put aside. Maud loved him, and she had acknowledged it. Now his future cried out to him to determine and to secure it. He had been, to a certain degree, patient under the guidance and control of Ishmael, because he had felt uncertain whether Maud's heart would ever be his. Now that incertitude was settled, he felt that it would become him to play his own part, untrammelled by the plans, and unfettered by the schemes and desires of others, to work out long-cherished intentions of revenge and claims for atonement.

One thing struck him with more painful force now than it had ever done before. It was that his vague claims on Lord Kingswood were, according to the suggestions of Ishmael, of a character which, if substantiated, could only be subversive of his happiness and destructive of his position. In what light would Lady Maud regard him who ruined Lord Kingswood, destroyed the peace of mind of Lady Kingswood, and placed Cyril in a humiliating position—Cyril, in whom the happiness of Violet was bound up?

It was a question of immense moment, and he felt its force and responsibility. Yet he believed a path might be found if he could influence others to be animated by the same feelings as himself, which would reconcile all opposing elements, and make them all one and united.

"It is imperative upon me to assert my rights, whatever they may be!" he exclaimed, while pursuing this course of thought: "but it would not cost me a pang to surrender all the glitter of rank, and wealth, and station, so that Maud—beloved Maud—shared my fate! Let Lord Kingswood keep his pomp and title—let him feed his ambition with the toys which make up high station, give me Maud, and, if it spares her sorrow, let him enjoy all."

These were very natural sentiments under the circumstances; but the inexhorable decrees of Fate are not be set aside by such private mental arrangements—and so Erle lived to discover. He, like all others of his race, was compelled to march with events; and anxious as he was to save Lady Maud from the pain he supposed she would experience by his triumph and Lord Kingswood's fall, he ultimately found that he was controlled by circumstances independent of his will.

Nature began to assert a claim to be heard in spite of the freshness of the air, the revivifying properties of the breeze, and the brightness of the sunny sky; and he felt it would be essential to select some place where he could, by rest, recover himself from the fatigue he had undergone. He did not think it advisable to pass through the park to Kingswood, but he surmised that he should be able, by crossing the Chace, to find some cottage beyond its limits where he could obtain refreshment and a few hours' rest.

He made his way through the silent intricacies of the forest, and emerged upon the borders of the small stream whose meandering form he at once recognized; but instead of pursuing its wandering course, he, in an impatient mood, leaped it, forced his way amid briars and brakes, turned into a narrow, leafy alley, sinuous, and crossed in all directions by straggling shoots of young trees, growing thicker and thicker as he proceeded, as if they were gradually gathering so as to impede his course, and ultimately yielding before his impetuous movements, to disclose to him that he had reached the old hunting-tower in the forest.

He started as he beheld the gray, moss-covered ancient structure, and regarded it with singular interest. He had often heard Violet speak of it in terms of affection, in other times with feelings of awe. Herein he knew existed the picture of which she had so often spoken, and herein he expected to discover, he knew not why, matters relating to himself.

He gazed up at the window over which trailed dark ivy. It was closed, and seemed as though it had not for some time been opened. It was at that window Violet had often sat; and when the moonbeams fell in silver showers on the gray forest-trees and glades, she had fancied she beheld the spectre of one who resembled him—that terrible ancestor of the house of Kingswood who had wrought the doom which now rested upon it.

Beneath that window was an opening, or rather a narrow slit in the thick walls, intended to admit air and light together. Narrow as it was, a massive, rusty, time-eaten iron bar divided it, intended, no doubt, to prevent bats or animals from entering, as it was too small to permit any human creature to squeeze through the fissure. Erle tried to examine it, but he found it beyond his reach, or he would have looked within.

He moved round to the doorway. The door was formed of planks of oak of immense thickness, banded with huge iron bars, and studded with thick knobs of the same material. There appeared to be no means of opening it from the outside. An iron handle, upright, and formed like that on a drinking measure, was affixed for the purpose of closing it, but he could find nothing, not even a keyhole, to betray how admission was to be obtained.

He tried the door, but it was firm; he pressed against it, and, by the aid of the iron handle, attempted to shake it, but it remained immovable.

He was now only more anxious to obtain an entrance, but he could not see any mode by which to effect it. He thought of climbing to the window, but he gazed round in vain to discover anything which would assist him.

He walked slowly round the building, which occupied a much larger space than he supposed, with a view of ascertaining if there was any other mode by which ingress could be obtained; but he observed only a window, fashioned much in the same way as the first he had seen, and a similar opening to the other for the purpose of admitting air.

Resolved not to baffled, he examined the old building with attentive care. He approached closely the second window, and cast his eyes up the walls, and noticed some iron staples driven into the walls at irregular distances, and ascending upwards, which by the aid of a rope, would certainly enable one who was agile to reach the window above.

As it was his intention, when the night drew on, to return to Kingswood by the route across the park, he thought it would be possible to purchase materials, not only such as would enable him to reach the window, but to force it, if necessary.

With this resolution in his mind, with slow steps, examining cautiously the crumbley wall as he went, he came ultimately round to the arched doorway again.

He started back with a cry of astonishment, if not of alarm.

The old oaken door was open, and in the entrance stood, or rather cowered, an old woman, who bent a pair of piercing, brilliant eyes at him beneath a pair of slanting, bushy, but snowy-white eyebrows. She leaned with both hands upon a stick, and stood motionless watching him with considerable earnestness.

He, in turn, regarded her with wonder. She was decrepit from great age, but she was not bronzed or shrivelled, so as to make her hag-like. On the contrary, her skin was white—a dull white it is true—but not sallow. She had, indeed, rather the aspect of one who has for a long series of years been confined within a chamber, sufficiently ventilated so as not to be injurious, but yet so limited in the circulation of its air, as to give to the complexion of those imprisoned within it a delicate, but death-like hue. She was much wrinkled, but not offensively so, her long elf-locks, unconfined and white as her brows, hung straggling upon her shoulders, while her dress was a strange compound of a past and a present age.

Erle saw in a glance that in her maidenhood she must have been beautiful, and he could not divest himself of an idea of some floating resemblance between her and Violet.

There was a strange, weird-like look about her, yet he felt that much of that appearance was due to the circumstances under, and the place in which he saw her, and her evidently extreme age.

He was so full of marvel, so occupied with wondering who she could be, for he never heard Violet drop the remotest hint that any such singular being as this dwelt with her in the hunting-lodge, that he stood without speaking, gazing upon her.

At length she broke the silence, and said, in a harsh and almost shrill tone—"Whom do you seek?"

He started, and replied—"I do not seek anyone here."

She eyed him keenly as he spoke, and the tone of his voice seemed to move her, for she pressed one of her hands upon her temples.

She withdrew it, and in a yet harsher tone, exclaimed—"Whom do you seek?"

"I have answered you," he returned, slowly, and with emphasis. "There is no living being I am seeking likely to be met with here."

"Shall I convict you of falsehood out of your own mouth?" she asked, with bitterness.

"If you can, in Heaven's name do, dame," he returned, with a curling lip.

"You stood before yon window and gazed long at it," she exclaimed, with energy, pointing at the one he understood to have been that which lighted Violet's room.

"I did," he replied, laconically.

"You tried this door—you have examined the outside of this tower to find a place by which to enter," she cried, rapidly.

"I have," he returned, calmly.

"And yet you profess to seek no one whom you hope to find within?" she rejoined, with a sarcastic tone in her almost shrill voice.

"It is even so," he answered.

"Go to! You are a Kingswood!" she cried, bitterly; "and who of all breathing creatures should know better than myself how little truth and of honor is to be found in any of your race?"

"Softly, dame," interposed Erle, raising his hand in a deprecatory manner. "How know you that I am a Kingswood?"

There was such a peculiar earnestness in the tone of his inquiry, despite his gesture, that the old crone could not help observing it.

She screamed rather than laughed—"How do *I* know you to be a Kingswood—*I!—I!! I!!!!*" she cried, shrilly. "Do you, a Kingswood, ask this of old Eldra?"

"If I am a Kingswood, still do I ask it," he responded, in a haughty tone, and a flush mounted to his cheek.

"*If* you are a Kingswood?" she repeated, sternly. "Do you deny it?"

"No!" he returned, in a loud, emphatic tone; then he added, in a milder voice, "but that is a different affair to making the assertion that I am a Kingswood."

The old woman shook her clenched hands at him in a paroxysm of fury.

"It is mean, it is base, it is contemptible to descend to such paltry artifices," she cried, in a choking voice. "Oh, but an angry God is degenerating the race. Lord Kingswood, villain that he is, would spurn such an ignoble subterfuge."

Erle looked at the old woman with amazement. The intensity of her excitement confounded him; he knew not how to reply to it so as to appease it, and he remained silent, feeling that any attempted explanation would only increase her fury.

"Not know you for a Kingswood!" she screamed. "Is there not stamped upon your features more impressively than upon those of any belonging to the accursed race yet born, the resemblance to him who pulled down desolation, misery, and crime upon the name of Kingswood? Can I not see in the broad, high, white forehead, the full, bright, haughty eye, the compressed, passionate lip, the marks which distinguish a Kingswood from all the world? Do I not find it confirmed by your acts!"

"What acts?" cried Erle, with a sudden, haughty impetuosity. "There lives not one who dares to say I am the author of an act tainted by aught derogatory to my honor."

"There lives one who dares do that," exclaimed the old creature, vehemently.

"Name him, then, to me," cried Erle, stung out of his intended calmness. "He will not dare face me with a lie so base on his lip. I would ram it with my knuckles down his throat."

"Brave words, bold words, with but an old woman and a forest aisle to echo them," retorted the old woman. "See, proud boy, before you, the being who lives and dares to tell you that, young as you are, your acts are such as should shame even a Kingswood."

"Old woman, you are mad," cried Erle, indignantly. "How dare you utter an assertion so utterly without foundation! You know me not, I tell you. You do not even know my name, although you address me with such presumptuous familiarity."

The old woman scowled at him.

"Look at yon window," she said, with slow emphasis, pointing to the one above where they stood—"that at which you first gazed when you broke through yon covert. That window has enshrined the faces of maidens young and fair as ever the light of Heaven shone on. Woe for them! A Kingswood's eye has fallen upon them, even as, in successive years, they have sat within yon chamber, and a Kingswood's tongue has lured them down, down, down to their eternal destruction! Your father, true to the traditions of his House, has done this. The last bright and beauteous face but one of a creature as pure and innocent as she was beautiful, sat one day in happiness and purity at that window, listening to the music of the birds, chanting strange melodies herself, with her tender eyes fixed upon the green, growing, budding things. The present proud Lord Kingswood passed and saw her there—he lured her away—destroyed her. You, oh, Cyril Kingswood, with the curse of your race clinging to you like a shroud, have seen one such face seated at that window. You, too, sought to lure it. You, the son of the author of the foullest wrong of which even a Kingswood could have been guilty—you seek to perpetuate the crimes of your House by the wanton annihilation of one whose only sin would be that of loving you too well."

"No!" cried Erle, with a fiery and impatient gesture.

"But I repeat my charge, miserable, degenerate boy," screamed the old woman, frantically. "Why, have you not seen her there, gazing out with soft, loving eyes upon the skies, and the flowers, and the woodland? Have you not met her in the unfrequented glades and in the covert? Have you not haunted her—a pure, innocent, forest fawn—like a hunter tracking his game to its destruction? Oh! but she is snatched from you now. You find her not there. She is gone—she is gone—"

"Woman!" shouted Erle, passionately. "I am not Cyril Kingswood. Your wild and furious charges are for other ears than mine. I repeat, I am not Cyril Kingswood."

Erle spoke with a rapidity and impetuosity which would not be denied, and notwithstanding the excitement which seemed to render her deaf and blind to all but her own impressions, the words, "I am not Cyril Kingswood!" came thundering into her ears like a discharge of artillery.

The words seemed to stun her, not by the force with which they were uttered, but the sense they conveyed.

"Not Cyril Kingswood!" she muttered.

Then she placed her two hands upon her stick, and peered up at him from beneath her slant and hoary brows. Her eyes absolutely glared as they perused and re-perused every lineament of his noble features.

Once or twice she pressed her aged eyelids with her long and bony fingers, but it was for a moment, for she withdrew them again and gazed at him with a more steadfast scrutiny than ever.

"Not Cyril Kingswood?" she repeated, with evident emotion.

Presently she said, with sharpness—

"But you are a Kingswood. Yet Lord Kingswood has but one son! Are you not a Kingswood?"

"I do not bear the name," answered Erle, for obvious reasons, deeply interested in all that fell from the old woman's lips.

"No?" she exclaimed, interrogatively. "Where were you born?" she asked.

A flush mounted to his forehead.

"I do not know," he answered, in a low tone.

"Where reared?" she inquired, almost authoritatively.

"At Avening," he replied.

She shook her head.

"What this may mean I cannot tell," she muttered, as she rocked her body to and fro. "There is a strange, wild disorder about my heart, a tumultuous throbbing which seems to forewarn me that some tremendous development of the mystery which hangs over the doomed race is nigh. What can it be? Nature seldom lifts its voice of warning in my breast but there is a fulfilment of its presage."

She again perused his features with earnestness, and presently beckoning him, she said—"Enter the tower with me. It is the first time I have asked within its aged walls a Kingswood, since—ah, my God! let me not recur to that—my sin, my sin, my mortal sin!"

She bowed her head up her white, attenuated, wrinkled hands, and moaned as if in mental agony.

She, however, soon shook off her spasm of pain, and turning to him, said—"Follow me! There is one in here whom you may recognize when your eye lights upon him."

She turned and entered the hunting-lodge. He followed close to her, and whispered in her ear—"There is, indeed, one whom I know to be within here, whom I expect to see."

She staggered round as if he had stabbed her.

"What is that you have dared to breathe in my ear after what you have denied?" she exclaimed, as she raised her stick to bar his further progress.

"Nay, dame, fear me not," he rejoined, quickly and gently. "There hangs within a portrait of one of whom I have heard. I wish to see it."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"It is a portrait I would have shown you," she said.

"And will," he responded. "I am not one of whom you at least should be in fear."

"And why not you?" she asked, as her bright eyes still rested upon his features.

"You shall know anon," he exclaimed. "Pray lead on; I am impatient to see the portrait."

In the centre of the tower within there was a spiral stone staircase. Though very old, it was built so massively that it was likely to last for ages. It was narrow, and but one person could pass up it at a time. The walls seemed to be dripping with moisture, though the interior of the tower was not damp, but this might be accounted for from the fact that the staircase continued up to the roof, where it was open and exposed to the sky.

There was a small handrail of wood, which ran spirally up the side of the wall, and to this handrail the old woman clung as she dragged herself up.

"Do not touch the wall! do not touch the wall!" she exclaimed, twice or thrice; and as she mounted the last stair which paused at a door that she unlocked and flung open, she repeated, "Do not touch the wall! Beware! do not touch the wall!"

"Wherefore?" asked Erle, as he stood beside her.

"Because there is blood upon it, the blood of one pitilessly slain, staining it, smearing it from this room to the ground!" she answered, in a hollow voice.

"But I have touched it," he said; "for at first I did not see the handrail."

She clutched his hand, and looked at it; the light which came in at the window enabled her to see that amid the moisture and the crumbling particles of stone which had adhered to the palm of his hand, as pressing against it in his ascent, there appeared a bright crimson stream. She uttered a shuddering cry of horror.

"It is her blood—*her* blood!—the blood of Lady Maud!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Of whom?" cried Erle, in startling tones.

"Of the Lady Maud," she returned, with the same wild animation. "For three hundred years that streak has rested there, a record of her wrongs, a broad red brand of infamy on the name of Kingswood! Who are you whose hand should remove it from the place where it had rested for centuries?"

"See!" he cried, in a half delirious voice, as, drawing with a sudden impulse a knife from his pocket, he made a slight incision across his hand, where the bright red streak yet shone. "I am he whose blood shall mingle with that of the Lady Maud's!"

The old woman uttered a choking scream of frantic terror.

As he concluded his words, and towered to his full height, under the passionate impulse of the inspiration which had induced him to perform his singular and unprompted act, she shrank back, contemplating his face and form, and then turned it upon a large painting which hung against the wall.

To her intense horror she saw the picture move—swell—dilate. It might have been the rush of air which entered from the well staircase and the open door that stirred it thus strangely. Of this she thought not; all she beheld or heeded was that not only did it move, quiver, and oscillate, but suddenly the cords by which it was suspended seemed to stretch to twice their length, and then snap, while the picture itself glided from the place where so long it had rested, and descended swiftly to the floor, with a noise resembling a low peal of thunder.

A cloud of dust rose up, but it was in an instant whirled away in eddies to the ceiling, leaving the picture clear and distinct in the same upright position as it had maintained when hanging against the wall.

Old Eldra lay in a swoon upon the ground, her face bent towards her knees, and her hands clasped upon her forehead.

Erle stood firm and erect, gazing upon the pale face of the young hunter, whose large, stern eyes seemed to glare upon his own, and to search down into their very depths.

CHAPTER LIV.

Pharisee had barely time to draw close the door of the dark, little closet into which he had so hastily plunged, when he heard a key applied to the chamber door, and the next instant, by the pressure of air against the door of the recess in which he was confined, he could tell that it was flung open with a sudden force, and he heard a shuffling step hastily perambulate the room in every direction, while light flashing through some crevices and cracks told him that old Pengreep was taking a rapid survey of his apartment, with a view of ascertaining whether it had been entered during his absence.

Pharisee's heart beat wildly while this examination was going on, but he felt relieved when he heard Pengreep's voice exclaim—

"You may enter safely; we are alone."

A ray of light pouring through a puncture in the door immediately close to his face drew his attention, and he found that there was a small round perforation which enabled him to gaze into the apartment without being himself observed. He immediately applied his eye to it, confident that the salve upon and beneath his eyelid, which had already done so much good, would preserve him from any future attacks such as had attended his attempt to look into Pengreep's apartment through the keyhole.

At that moment he wondered how much of the acrid spirit and Scotch snuff Miss Virgo, his blooming betrothed, had received in her eyes and nostrils before she had discovered the wonderful antidote with which she had supplied him.

He had no time to speculate, for his attention was engrossed by the face of the individual who accompanied Pengreep.

It was a countenance pale, stern, and thin. There was something exceedingly refined and dignified in the melancholy which rested upon the features, and gave to the face an expression which precluded the possibility of forgetting after having once seen it.

Pharisee held his breath, and a thrill went through his frame on seeing it, for he recognized its owner as the companion of Erle Gower and the WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE.

He was about to confer with Pengreep, to reveal secrets, to make communications which to him would be invaluable, and only to think he was safely concealed by accident where he could hear all without being seen, and where the chances of discovery were as a thousand to one in his favor.

Satisfied with what he had seen, he placed his ear to the keyhole and listened.

Yes, it was Ishmael who accompanied Pengreep into the latter's chamber, and who looked a shade paler, and somewhat graver, than when Erle had parted with him.

He cast his dark, sad eyes upon Pengreep, and said to him—

"I have sought you again, Pengreep, for though the work goes bravely on in one respect, yet in another it halts. The spirit of the wronged one, if it be the pleasure of Heaven to permit it to be conscious of what has already been done in the way of atonement, must feel that I have not faltered in my adopted task, that I have not weakened or grown faint in faith during the long years I have so patiently waited for the consummation of a great revenge. It must know and see that I faint not nor falter now, though my heart is lacerated by the hands of those I fondly expected would have bound up its wounds. I have done something towards mine end in one path, the falling off of those upon whom I most relied will force me upon another. I have appeared like a meteor upon the great world of London, the brilliancy of my appearance has dazzled and startled many. I shall disappear as I appeared, leaving the hollow herd to marvel at my going as it did at my coming for a space—brief as the duration of the meteor which it has gaped it. But there is one who shall in horror and trembling await my re-appearance, and it is of him I would speak to you."

Ishmael paused for a moment to wipe a cold and clammy moisture from his brow.

Pengreep, who knew every turn of his features, did not like an ugly expression he saw about the corners of his mouth, but though it boded no good, he did not dare anticipate it even in imagination. He only rubbed the palms of his hands slowly and gently together, and said—

"You allude to Lord Kingswood."

"I do. What have you gathered respecting him and his family since last I spoke with you?"

"Who? I—a—well, really!" stammered Pengreep.

Ishmael's eye glittered.

"Why this hesitation?" he asked, transfixing Pengreep to the floor with a look.

"I do not hesitate—I—I am only reflecting," responded Pengreep, a little confusedly.

"Well, reflect," responded Ishmael, with a marked impressiveness of tone, "and then tell me, without reservation, all you know.—You are ever gathering; your store by this should be ample."

"Should be, no doubt," responded Pengreep, attempting an ease he did not feel, "had there been much to glean; but, really, so little has fallen in my way, that—"

"That little render up to me without prevarication!" interrupted Ishmael, sternly.

Pengreep stood bolt upright, like one indignant.

"Really, Ishmael—I beg ten thousand pardons—Mr. Vernon—" he commenced.

"Ishmael still," again interrupted his strange visitor, "and Ishmael to the end of time, if need be. Go on."

"I intended to observe," rejoined Pengreep, more meekly, "that you are not addressing me in the style you were accustomed to adopt in earlier days."

"I trusted you then," responded Ishmael, coldly.

"And do still, I hope," exclaimed Pengreep, quickly.

"As it shall appear that you deserve," replied Ishmael, sternly. "Say, what have you gathered that I should wish to hear?"

Old Pengreep turned red and white by turns—a very unusual thing with him: but he had a few ugly things on his conscience in respect to his relation with Ishmael, and he did not know to which especial piece of treachery he was alluding, and therefore was in most painful doubt, for the preservation of his own appearance of faithfulness, where to begin.

He cleared his throat and said,

"It is very possible that, at the present moment, we may be a little separated in our present relations by a contradiction of terms. What I may consider little or nothing in the way of information, you may estimate very highly."

"Pengreep, when you adopt such a preface, I am conscious you are on the brink of an attempt to deceive me," interposed Ishmael, in a cold, cutting tone. "I have already cautioned you to reflect, and I now bid you beware. What of Lord Kingswood, and from whom have you obtained your information?"

Globules of cold perspiration dropped down the forehead of old Pengreep at this remark. He hesitated no longer.

"Accident introduced me to Lord Kingswood's valet shortly after you departed from my poor apartments without informing me where I should have the honor of com—"

Ishmael waved his hand abruptly.

Pengreep bowed and went on.

"I lured the fool, eaten up with self-cunning, here, and quickly discovered his secret, debasing sin—if any one sin could more than another debase such a scoundrel, was strong drink—and I plied him with it, adding thereto a little ingredient which would have a very marked effect upon the knave."

Pharisee, in the closet, gnashed his teeth.

"As he began to drink he began to talk," continued Pengreep; "and I elicited from him that Lord Kingswood is in a state of continued torture, worse than any wretched criminal upon the rack. That since the introduction of Erle Gower to Kingswood Hall, he has known no peace night nor day. Lady Kingswood has, by some means, obtained an inkling of the truth, and her ladyship, eaten up by jealous suspicion, and by the torments of outraged pride, vacillates between the outpourings of frantic accusations and a retaliative revenge. Cyril Kingswood—"

"Stay!" interposed Ishmael, regarding him with a stern and steadfast gaze. "I am, to some extent, acquainted with what is passing in the family of Lord Kingswood. I did not place a bird in his nest that it might mate in peace with its inmates. I ask of you what the outer world, the facers and talkers of fashionable life, say now of Lord Kingswood?"

Old Pengreep shrugged his shoulders.

"The world says that Lord Kingswood and his wife do not agree. The world laughs, because it thinks nothing of an occurrence so ridiculously common."

Ishmael waved his hand impatiently.

"What says the world—Lord Kingswood's world—of the boy I have introduced into it, who so closely resembles him?" he asked, impetuously.

Again old Pengreep shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear sir," he replied, "you have been so long out of the world—I mean the fashionable world—not that world of nature in which everybody and everything is genuine, sincere, truthful, and all that—so long out of the world of fashion, that you do not comprehend how such a resemblance would be acknowledged. A shrug, a smile, a nod, nothing more. The name of Lord Kingswood might be taken in vain—the mother of Erle—"

"Silence, wretch! another such an insinuation, and I will strangle you beneath my heel as I would a viper!" cried Ishmael, interrupting him with a gesture of fierce indignation.

Old Pengreep's face grew livid at the threat, but he bowed.

"You wished to know the world's opinion," he said, "and I—"

"Peace! I am sick of the world. I hate it," interrupted Ishmael, between his teeth. "Harsh, hard, cold, unfeeling, it applauds the vices and mocks the griefs of all who come beneath its ken. So I am foiled in this. I believed, in my weak faith in human nature, that though there might be individual cases of profligacy, villainy, and iniquity, the world at large was honest, and sympathized in genuine and noble earnestness with the wronged. I have found my error. Well, it is another page of the Book of Life, whose once unknown language I have mastered. The lesson is conned; I shall not forget it."

He paced the room for a few minutes, while Pengreep, standing motionless, watched him furtively from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

Presently Ishmael paused, and said,

"I had thought to strike Kingswood helpless at my feet by the loud and universal condemnation of the carrion-birds who wheel and flutter in the same circle in which he flutters, but I am baffled where I had hoped to triumph."

"There is talk and there are whispers afloat," suggested Pengreep. "If you will be patient, no doubt your expectations will be realized. Time, you know, works—"

"Aye, for others as well as myself," interposed Ishmael. "No, if I would secure the ultimate triumph to which my life has been devoted, I must act, and that promptly. One of my ministers of vengeance has deserted me; the other may depart I know not how soon, either to the land of shadows, or in search of an altar upon which I would rather immolate her than see her stand before hand in hand—but no matter, Pengreep; we must precipitate the *denouement*. Mark me well, and upon the peril of your life—which is in my hands, little as you imagine it to be so—act faithfully according to my instructions."

"You ought to be able to rely upon me without any such menace," exclaimed Pengreep, in a deprecatory tone.

"Aye," responded Ishmael, with a bitter smile. "I ought—and still I menace you. However, let that pass. You well remember—you cannot forget them—the circumstances attendant upon the false charge made against the mother of him whom I have named Erle Gower?"

Pharisee's heart beat quickly; he kept his ear closer than ever to the little hole in the closet-door.

"I remember them all minutely," returned Pengreep. "The steps we took to find—"

"It is unnecessary to breathe *her* name," interposed Ishmael, with a wave of the hand. "Be it so," replied Pengreep.

Pharisee bit his lips in rage. From his point of view nothing was more necessary.

Pengreep continued—

"I have down all the incidents of the trial, her acquittal, and subsequent death, her burial, with a description of the spot where she lies, and all the necessary official registers and papers recording her death and burial."

"All the papers?" repeated Ishmael, in a questioning tone.

Pengreep looked around him.

"All," he reiterated, "even to the leaf of the register book, which I extracted."

"Where are they?" asked Ishmael.

"In that iron chest marked with your name," returned Pengreep, pointing to the deed-box on which the name of Vernon was painted. "Shall I show them to you?" he added, inquiringly.

Pharisee felt a deadly faintness seize him, and he clutched at the door for support.—What if Pengreep should miss them and search within the closet in which he was secreted? The very thought made him tremble like an aspen.

Ishmael hesitated before he replied to Pengreep, and then he answered—

"No; let them for the present remain where they are. You have also the certificate of *her* marriage with Lord Kingswood, together with the name and present residence of the clergyman who performed the ceremony?" he added.

Pharisee waited for old Pengreep's answer with intense anxiety. He felt at this time a strange, crawling sensation over his scalp, and had a sense of a faint, corpse-like smell, but in his eagerness to catch the reply of Pengreep, he paid no heed to it.

"The whole of the papers are contained in one parcel," responded Pengreep to Ishmael. "The present residence, however, of the clergyman who performed the ceremony of marriage between Lord Kingswood and—ahem! you know who I mean, is—" He hesitated for a moment, and then, in a low voice, subjoined, "the grave!"

It was not so low but that Pharisee caught it.

Ishmael groaned. "It cannot be," he exclaimed. "Surely Heaven would not fight against me in the establishment of her pure fame and the incontestible right of her offspring to take its lawful place in Kingswood Hall."

"I can give you proofs of it instantly," replied Pengreep.

"It is enough that you assert it," rejoined Ishmael, in a voice of pain. "This is a terrible blow, indeed. Without this living witness Lord Kingswood can set the claim of his legal heir at defiance."

"Unless the documents we have can be substantiated by credible witnesses—yes," replied Pengreep.

Pharisee hugged the packet of papers to his breast. The singular manipulation upon the top of his head continued; still he heeded it not. It might be that some rough splinters of wood were hanging down like spikes, and so pricked and tickled his cranium. What cared he in the enthusiasm which the information he was acquiring created.

"Does Sir Harris Stanhope know of the death of the clergyman he provided? He was his friend," interrogated Ishmael, musingly.

"I am convinced he does not," answered Pengreep. "Many years since an irreconcileable rupture took place between them. Subsequently the parson married a woman of property, and her father left him a fortune, with the proviso that he took his name with it. For years, therefore, he has borne another name, under which his death is recorded."

"He must not know it, nor must Lord Kingswood know it, or my revenge and his atonement will be crushed for ever in this world," said Ishmael, in a tone of excitement. "Your communication urges me to be yet more prompt in my proceedings. I have secured the services of the Attorney-General, for whose opinion I have drawn up a case. I am to attend a consultation this evening, and your presence will be essential—you must accompany me to his chambers. I hesitate no longer. If I launch not my thunderbolt now, the storm will pass over him, leaving him scatheless."

"Shall I bring with me the papers?" inquired Pengreep, pointing to the chest.

Again Pharisee felt the cold perspiration trickle off his forehead, while a horrible vibration tremulated down his backbone. At the same time the imagined wood splinters scraped and clawed his scalp with more vigor than ever. He was so overcome, he could hardly catch the words that followed.

"We shall not yet require the papers," responded Ishmael, thoughtfully, "we will produce them in the order they may be called for."

He paused for a moment, and then said, in husky tones—"Erle has left me. He—he, Pengreep, so deeply bound as he is to me, he has cast off my guiding control and quitted me! But for the mother who bore him, he might e'en go, ingrate as he is, to beg, starve, to aught he might with that base taint of blood he has in his veins; but I cannot, as it is, part with him. I must find him—I must secure him, and you must aid me in the search. I suspect that I have a clue to him, and when once I put you on the trail, you must not leave it until you have run him down. I shall know then how to bring him back to my wrist. After the consultation of this evening, I shall require your presence at my residence. As for a time I shall disappear from society, to lead a wandering life, it will be needful to give you the information which will enable you to communicate with me at stated intervals. I have not yet decided upon my course, but will to-night, and you shall know it. At the same time I warn you to be provided with certain securities for your good faith to me."

"Good faith to you. You jest surely, my best and most liberal patron," responded Pengreep, in a cringing tone.

"I am not given to jesting, least of all with you," returned Ishmael, eyeing him sternly. "What of the Marquis of Chillingham?"

Old Pengreep staggered back. "The Marquis of Chillingham?" he gasped.

"Even he," rejoined Ishmael, sharply. "You paid his lordship a visit—to communicate what to him?"

"Indeed, my noble benefactor, you are decidedly in error in this," urged Pengreep, with agitation.

"In that you paid him a visit at night—the hour nine?" asked Ishmael, emphatically.

"In that a—a—no—" answered Pengreep.

"Look you," subjoined Ishmael. "You had an interview with him. You returned with Lord Kingswood's valet to Kingswood House. An hour past midnight, my lord the Marquis of Chillingham, muffled in a cloak, presented himself at Kingswood House, and was admitted. An hour elapsed, and you both reappeared hastily from the servants' entrance, and fled different ways, the Marquis in his carriage, and you on foot. Lights flashed through the mansion, and it was apparent an alarm had been raised. Now, mark me, Pengreep, neither you nor my lord Marquis were there for the purpose of robbery. What were you there for? Speak quickly, and without prevarication."

"To serve your purposes," returned Pengreep, with a sudden gulp. "I wished to keep the affair a secret until the episode was completed, but since it is your wish to know all at once—well, I will repeat everything concerning the affair of which I am in possession. Lady Kingswood—"

"Is the matter between her and the Marquis of Chillingham?" asked Ishmael, abruptly.

"It is," replied Pengreep.

"Then explain it to me as we proceed to the Attorney-General's chambers," said Ishmael. "Follow me. We have some inquires to make respecting Erle; they will absorb our throughts and time until the hour for the consultation approaches. Come!"

Speaking thus abruptly, he quitted the room at the same time.

Old Pengreep seized his hat, and prepared to follow him. He looked eagerly round him. There was a nervous quiver on his lip. "Something wrong," he muttered, with a sniff. "Don't like the look of things. However, I'll lock the door this time with the bolt that can't be moved by any key or contrivance in the world but the one in my possession."

As he uttered the last words—and he uttered them aloud too—he closed the door with a bang, and Pharisee heard a bolt shoot with a most ominous click.

The splinters scratched his head more violently than ever, and he raised his hand cautiously up and felt—Oh, horror!—the loathsome finger-bones of the skeleton he remembered to have seen within, and which by some mechanical contrivance, were extended, and pressing upon his head. He started aside, but precipitated matters, for the skeleton sprang upon him too, and clasped him in its horrid arms.

He yelled with fright. He raised his hands to feel for the knob which was to liberate him, but he could not find it; and in an agony of mortal terror, he continued screaming for help, struggling with the skeleton, and trying vainly to find the spot upon which to press his finger, and so cause the closet-door to fly open. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ People who have been living for a long time in dreary country-places, often get crazy at last for a vital paroxysm of some kind or other. In this state they rush to the great cities for a plunge into their turbid life-baths, with a frantic thirst for every exciting pleasure, which makes them the willing and easy victims of all those who sell the devil's wares on commission.

☞ A sailor, who had not seen the inside of a church for some time, strolled into that of Portlock, in Somersetshire, just as the minister ascended the pulpit, who gave out for his text, "Wilt thou go with me to Ramoth Gilead, to battle?" which being twice repeated, the tar, with some warmth, rose up and exclaimed, "What, do none of you answer the gentleman? For my part, if nobody else will go, I'll go with him myself, with all my heart."

☞ A bachelor editor, who had a pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor editor equally fortunate, "Please exchange." Two good "notices" under the marriage head were the result.

☞ GOOD RIDDANCE.—A certain well-known provincial bore having left a tavern-party of which Burns was one, he (the bard) immediately demanded a bumper, and, addressing himself to the chairman, said—"I give you the health, gentlemen all, of the waiter that called my Lord —— out of the room."

☞ A SIMILE.—The old Duke of Cumberland was one night playing at hazard at Beaufort House, with a great heap of gold before him, when somebody said "he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf, both."

☞ When a lady makes you a pair of slippers, she often wants you to put your foot in it.

☞ Men who endeavor to look fiercely by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be hair-em-scare-em fellows.

☞ The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough, if used wisely—too much if used foolishly.

☞ MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—That inveterate punster, Jones, hearing that his friend Hardup had suddenly had his gas cut off, exclaimed, "Ah, yes, I suppose they did it by a *coup de Main*."

☞ INVALID CHITCHAT.—"Why, Sowerby, what's the matter? You don't look quite so blue as you did. What have you been taking?" "Nothing but my meals for the last fortnight, Mr. Hobbleday." "Ah, I thought you seemed off your physic."

☞ By preparing for the worst, you may often compass the best.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

This subject has been much discussed of late, as all observers will agree it needs to be. Mental culture is supplied through a string of oligies, physical through gymnastic schools springing up everywhere in our cities; there is another branch quite as necessary as either, in which it seems to us we would be the better for reviving somewhat the views and the habits of our forefathers—domestic education. When the country was new, our women, from necessity, did their own housework, and thrived under it. The gymnastic implements in vogue for young ladies were the broom, the duster, and the washboard, and a great diversity of other tools familiar to the housewife. There was no want of variety in the exercises for all the limbs of the body, for all the practical faculties of the mind; and the need of amusements about which we philosophize so much at present, was amply satisfied by the hearty frolics of the evening, the thought of which lightened and brightened the youth's and maiden's daily toil, and which that toil did not tire them too much to enjoy. We are not among those who rail at progress and wish for the good old times; the present times are as far in advance of those as could reasonably be expected; but if, in improving upon old fashioned ways, we have unwittingly let fall some good thing of which we now have urgent need, is it not well to make a review and take up the dropped stitch?

Herbert Spencer, in speaking of a girl's education, refers to "that now wasted period between leaving school and being married." Refers to it as an admitted fact, of almost universal experience, which it undoubtedly is. Think of it—the daughters of the land wasting those most important years of their life, at the same time that our homes are filled with dismal groans over an evil which a proper use of that period would immediately and radically cure! We allude to the evil of incompetent domestics, which in every conclave of ladies is the favorite topic of complaint. What remedy for this can there be, other than the thorough apprenticeship of our daughters in household economy? By apprenticeship we mean what the word means in other kinds of business—practical knowledge in every department, from the lowest up to the highest. If a boy is to command a ship, or a regiment, or conduct a business, he begins with the lowest duties, and takes them all in regular order, not shirking those that are disagreeable; if he does not touch every round of the ladder in ascending, he will not be competent to superintend the process for others. This is every day acted upon for boys, why not for girls? The truth that competency depends upon thorough and practical instruction will not be denied, neither, we think, is the importance of being competent underrated; that the happiness of home absolutely depends upon it, is so apparent that he who runs may read. Whatever the object for which we give domestic faculty the go-by—proficiency in other branches more ornamental, preserving dainty fingers, &c., whether the advantages secured be real or fancied, it must be admitted that home comfort is too high a price to pay for them.

Do we not pay it? Amidst every blessing of Providence showered upon our homes, is not the bungle of awkward ministration the fly in the ointment, spoiling all? And whose fault is it? Surely not that of the poor, ignorant creatures we employ, who minister to us in most cases as they know how—whose failure is made inevitable by the greater failure of those above them. A good mistress makes a good servant; the exceptions but prove the rule. Emerson, the grave philosopher, whose wide range of observations upon life took in this matter perforce, remarks that the same servant will be a tutelar genius in one house and a haridan in another, and dismisses curtly the folly of unreasonable expectations with the story of a man of wit who being asked by a friend in the car his errand to town, replied that he was commissioned to procure an angel to do the cooking. It is high time this fault-finding was stopped, or at least accompanied with an activity and vigilance in high places somewhat proportioned to the call for those virtues. Does the captain of a band of raw recruits complain that they are untrained, the master of a ship that his young midshipmen are awkward? If he does, the matter is not allowed to rest there, a source of chronic bemoaning, as in the case we are considering. He recognizes his duty as teacher, and acts upon it instantly and vigorously, extracting all the capability there is in his subject. If not, he should take his place in the ranks.

To do the ladies justice, we believe they fail more in power than in will. They have not been trained to efficiency themselves, how can they train others? Is it not lady-like to be acquainted with housework? The original meaning of the word lady is loaf-giver. To merit the title one must be a giver of something to those beneath her. In the case of domestics the good thing they are destitute of—for which they are begging her, is instruction. If unable or unwilling to give it she is not in her place.

But the practical difficulties. Aye, there's the rub! A lady walks into her kitchen, which Bridget has just been cleaning up. She peers about into corners and out of the way places where the maid has not expected her to look, and finds there, of course, what clouds her brow with hopeless dissatisfaction. "I do wish, Bridget," she exclaims, "that you would leave the dirt, if any must be left, in the middle of the floor—that would please me better." The poor girl, who thought it was "beautifully clane," listens with bewildered stare; and the clearest idea she can puzzle out is that she is an injured damsel, and that her mistress is cross. What an advantage the lady would have if she could take up the scrubbing brush—a tool she has probably never touched, take it up understandingly, and by a few minutes' vigorous application enlighten Bridget as to her idea of cleanliness! How is one brought up in an Irish hovel with a mud floor to know anything about it? Hardly the first conception of it is in her. Miss Edgeworth tells a story of a nobleman who built and furnished for his Irish foster mother a snug, comfortable English cottage, and when he paid her a visit, expecting perfect satisfaction and the warmest thanks, she complained that "there was no smoke, and she was kilt with the cowld." Many of the domestics we have to deal with come from a class of which this is an extreme case, and verbal teaching is not sufficient for them.

Must we then put our daughters to the drudgery of the house? Softly, friend—it will not be drudgery, unless a drudge does it. Whatever is done cheerfully and well done has a certain beauty in it. We truly believe that this bugbear is magnified. Think of every kind of work that is done in your home. Is there anything that a healthy girl could not practise sufficiently to be thoroughly acquainted with it, without impairing the refinement of her mind, or the delicate beauty of her person, or even damaging her hands more than the fashionable gymnastics will? Depend upon it, the various accomplishments that make up a perfect woman are entirely compatible. Your daughter will not be less a lady because the ornamental structure of her character rests upon a useful basis. On the contrary by allowing her to grow up ignorant of duties that in all probability will devolve upon her, you make it impossible she should ever play her part gracefully. If she is not skilled in housework, it will always be a terror and a toil, whether she does it or orders it done.

Two extreme cases occur to us. The most inefficient lady we have heard of, quite grown up, take notice, and apparently with the full use of her limbs, received a call one day from a gentleman while she was in dishabille in her chamber, and was in despair because Letty was not at home to put on her shoes and stockings, and she did not see how she was to get dressed! The model of efficiency, you may be sure, could bloom out only in New England. The whole routine of household management is familiar to her, one thing as much as another, and her skill turns work into play. To speak fancifully, she has but to crook her finger and the work does itself. She tolerates hired help temporarily for a special purpose, but delights to do everything herself, for then it will be done right. With all this, she is a beautiful, graceful and cultivated lady, who would be at home in the most polished society. Like the virtuous woman, pictured in the Proverbs of Solomon:—

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

And, as a natural consequence, "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

There is a long road between these two examples of womanhood. Let our daughters at least turn their efforts in the right direction, and study those accomplishments that make the comfort of home as zealously as those that attract admiration in the drawing-room.

"SICK EDITORS WANTED."

Well, editors must be in request, thought we, upon seeing the above heading recently in an "exchange." Sick editors! where is there an editor of ten years' standing who is not sick—of the profession, of reading trashy manuscript, of correcting bad proof, and writing heavy leaders? Any one who could get all the sick editors together, would have a heavy and dreary load on his hands.

But who is it wants the sick editors—or, as they are afterwards termed, the "*invalid* editors?" Why, the proprietors of "OUR HOME," the well-known Water Cure in Dansville, New York—of which cure Dr. J. C. Jackson is the presiding chief and head tormentor.

"Tormentor!" exclaims the reader. Yes, "tormentor." What do you think of an institution whose chief "medicine man" taboos the use not only of fine bread, tea, coffee, beer, cider, and wine, but of such indispensable creature comforts as sugar, salt, butter, and even meat? Ought not such physicians to be considered apostles of barbarism—whose "mission" it is to lead mankind backward into the barbarous ages? And yet, not only barbarians, but even brute beasts, eat both sugar and salt, as well as meat, when they can get them.

Dr. Jackson's intentions, however, seem to be good. He invites invalid editors resident in any part of North America to visit his cure, and to spend from one month to four months, if need be, under treatment, without further expense than the cost of adjacent lodgings, which cost ranges from 50 cents to $1.50 a week.

The Doctor doubtless means well—but is not his treatment, judging by the results in his own case, rather promotive of insanity—water on the brain, perhaps? The idea of exhausting the system by a rigid system of bathing and exercise, and replenishing it by bran crackers, crushed wheat, and dried apples!

People may get well under his system, doubtless! We see some pursy, plethoric gentlemen about Philadelphia that doubtless would improve under it. Those who have been fed to repletion for twenty or thirty years on generous meats and wines, might find great advantage in being put through by Dr. Jackson. But for editors—"angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" Men whose complaint is generally a lack of vitality, resulting from too much work and too little food—the idea of feeding them on sawdust pudding, bran sausages, strong Adam's ale, and other such nutritious esculents popular at "OUR HOME."

Dr. Jackson evidently believes that there are too many invalid editors in the world. Perhaps he is right. Let him have them all for four months, and there probably would not be so many of them. They would either, as the affectionate wife said of her dear John, "get well or—*something*."

We wish some one would start a water cure in the immediate vicinity of "OUR HOME;" give the baths and walks of the latter, and a generous diet, except in special cases, along with them—and our word for it, the patients at the new cure would get well in half the time of those at the old one.

But this would be bad perhaps for the Water Cures in general. Heavier expenses—shorter periods of cure. Beef, butter, sugar, tea, coffee! ah, what housekeeper does not know their pecuniary cost!

All follies should be tolerated at least long enough to ascertain just what proportion of stray truth they contain. Surely "Grahamism," with its bran bread, and "yours in the cause of humanity and no salt," has had its fair term of existence. Every sensible man has appropriated by this time the amount of truth that was in it—why does it then longer cumber the ground?

Graham himself, after going about the earth as a "terrible warning" of what a man could be and do, and live—finally repented, it is said, and went back to the flesh pots of Egypt. Horace Greeley, after permanently ruining his beauty, went to eating meat, and even sausages, like one of the "unterrified Democracy." Young men and women, all over the country, whose stomachs were rapidly coming to resemble those of cows, wearied of being forced to eat, eat, eat, like that ruminating animal, and relapsed into Christian habits. Itinerant lecturers, who avoided meat because it was too strong for their digestive powers, but devoured the housewife's treasured preserves until they became the terror of whole neighborhoods, once more can be invited home with safety. Now, Dr. Jackson, do not you think it is about time for you, and "OUR HOME," to give over this folly likewise?

As to the Water Cure, applied in reason, we are inclined to think well of it. Dr. Jackson, we believe, himself is an instance of the great benefit that can often be derived from it—he having been relieved from a marvellous complication of diseases by the use of water, under the advice of that able and judicious physician, Dr. Gleason of the Elmira Cure. And we have ourselves known several instances where great benefit has been received from the walks, and water, and fresh mountain air of Elmira.

But as for the bran and straw diet—really, Doctor Jackson, we feed our horses as well as that down here in Pennsylvania. If you want, therefore, to get many Pennsylvania editors, you must inform them of the quality of the entertainment to which they are invited. Some of us may be half-dead, it is true—but we are not so far gone that we cannot tell the taste of bran, and we are not so good yet that "butter will not melt in our mouths." Just let "OUR HOME" abandon its ridiculous notions about diet—especially as applied to half-starved editors and other thin-blooded people—and then put out its wholesale invitation if it dares.

BRITISH LEGISLATIVE COURTESY.

In the British House of Commons recently, Sir Robert Peel made some remarks which were regarded by Mr. Disraeli as personally offensive. The following report will show how our English cousins manage such things—we all know how they are generally managed at Washington:—

Mr. Disraeli. I rise to order. The personal observations which the honorable baronet has made are not justified by anything I have done, and have no foundation whatever. [Cheers.] I am not aware that I denoted any sentiment to justify a course which, during the whole time I have been in Parliament, I never knew adopted before. [Cheers.]

The Speaker. No doubt the honorable baronet, without any interposition on my part, will see that his observations require some explanation.

Sir R. Peel. I must say, sir, that I do not see that my observations require any modification or explanation. [Laughter, and loud cries of "order!"]

The Speaker. Then it will be necessary for me to express a more decided opinion upon the subject. [Hear.]

Sir R. Peel. I will at once, sir, acknowledge my error in the allusion which I made to the right honorable gentleman. [Hear, hear.] Of course a speaker has a very difficult task when he is standing opposite a gentleman who is continually laughing. [Oh.] *I beg to apologize to the right honorable gentleman, and to withdraw anything I may have said that is disagreeable to him. I assure him that I did not mean anything offensive.* [Cheers.]

The honorable baronet resumed his remarks.

Sir Robert Peel, as we suppose, is the son of the eminent statesman of that name, and doubtless a man of undeniable courage. The English people are as brave as any in Europe. And yet Sir Robert Peel feels not ashamed at having to acknowledge his error, nor does he lose caste by so doing. On the contrary, he would lose caste by doing otherwise, and offering to fight a duel to prove his courtesy and courage.

As we infer from the remarks of the Speaker of the Commons, he has the power to enforce courtesy among the members, and is not left to mere "calls" to order, as our American Speakers are. Every violation of courtesy in debate should be considered in all legislative bodies a contempt, not of the member insulted, but of the house—to be atoned for either by an apology or an expulsion. The Speaker should have the power to give over an offending member at once to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and should exercise that power without fear or favor. The readiness manifested by so many legislators to resort to the duello, proves not so much that they are brave men, as that they are reckless and unscrupulous ones. The truly brave and civilized man never makes haste to shed blood—but is always eager to give and ready to receive an apology, as after reflection proves him to have been wrong or right.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

Late advices from Havana seem to confirm the report that Spain is about annexing—"re-annexing" perhaps we should say—the eastern or Spanish portion of St. Domingo. A proclamation of President Santana's is published, which declares Queen Isabella II. of Spain henceforth Queen of the Dominicans. Several passages of the proclamation are very noticeable:—

She gives us the civil liberty which her people enjoy; she guaranties us natural liberty and removes forever the possibility of losing it; she secures us in our property, recognizing as valid all the acts of the Republic; she offers to seek out and reward merit, and will remember services rendered to the country. In a word, she brings peace to this worn out soil, and with peace its consequent blessings.

Yes Dominicans—Henceforth you shall rest from the fatigues of war and occupy yourselves incessantly in providing for the future of your children.

Spain protects us; her flag covers us; her arms will keep off the foreigner; she recognizes our liberties, and together we will defend them, forming a single family as we always were.

Together we will bow before the altars which that very nation erected; before those very altars which she will find now, just as she left them, intact, and crowned even with her coat of arms, her castles and lions, the first standard which, side by side with the cross, Columbus planted in these unknown lands, in the name of Isabella the First, the great, the noble, the Catholic.

When we consider what the condition of the Dominican Republic has been, almost from the first year of its existence,—a condition of constant fear of strife, if not of actual war and turmoil—we cannot wonder that peace and quiet under the flag of Spain, should seem far preferable to constant alarm and disquiet as an independent republic. If the Dominicans could have had the protection of any great power, without the fear of being ultimately absorbed by their protector, they might perhaps have preferred to remain as they were; but such generous, unselfish protectors are not often found in the ranks of the nations. Anything—even Despotism itself—is better than anarchy—such is the repeated verdict of mankind. And, even with the fate of heavily-taxed and discontented Cuba before their eyes, the Dominicans have said, as it would appear from these advices, that it is better to be subject as Cuba, than free as Dominica.

Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her God, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

So says Moore, as all our readers doubtless know. Now, who can tell us where he picked up that notion about the sun-flower? We have watched sun-flowers attentively, and never saw the turning operation which Moore describes. Is it not one of those blunders which the poets abound in, such as that of the swan's singing, the halcyon's tranquillizing influence, &c.?

FRUGAL LIVING.

As it becomes very important in these times to know how to economize in living, we quote the following from a work on "Domestic Economy." New Englanders will rejoice to find that they can gratify their appetites and their thrift at the same time:—

PORK AND BEANS.—Perhaps I run the risk of ridicule by reiterating here, what I have so often asserted, that white beans at the ordinary prices, in most places, if not all, are the cheapest, because the most nutritious of all vegetables. Beans enter very largely into the diet of the people of some countries. This is particularly the case in Mexico. Baked beans, with salt pork, used to be one of the most common dishes in New England. I have read somewhere that Professor Liebig has stated that pork and beans, form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life, and give bone, muscle, and fat in proper proportions, to man. This food will enable one to perform more labor, at less cost, than any other substance. A quart of beans, eight cents, half a pound of pork six cents, will feed a large family for a day with good strengthening food. Bean porridge is another of the old-fashioned dishes of New England. We should call it bean soup now. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, "boiled to rags" in fifty quarts of water, would give a good meal to fifty men—one cent a meal.

There is no doubt that there is a great difference in the cost, as compared with the nutriment, of various kinds of food; and we are inclined to think that the whole subject is too little considered by the people of Philadelphia, if not of Pennsylvania. We doubt, however, that men can be sufficiently nourished at the rate of a cent a meal.

☞ In Constantinople, when a bazaar-keeper is found cheating a customer, he is taken outside his shop, stood on tip-toe, and his ear nailed to the door.

It would be very funny, if we had such a law in this city, to see the shop-keepers along Chestnut and Second streets, standing on tip-toe at their doors. Doubtless, however, they would put their position to account, by acting as "tooters" or "barkers."

NEVER TELL A LIE.

How simply and beautifully has Abdel Kader, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:—

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; and she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterward bade me farewell, exclaiming—

"Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on till I came near Hamandai, when our kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got?"

"Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments."

The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.

"What have you got?" said another.

I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," said I. "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I promised *I never will tell a lie*."

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it."

He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path to virtue."

And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

☞ Some years ago a letter was received in New Orleans directed "To the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and, on his return, one of the younger clerks informed him of the letter.

"And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I didn't know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened the letter myself."

"And what did you find in it?"

"Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"

☞ LONG LIVED APPLE TREE.—It is stated that an apple tree on the premises of Dr. Elisha Lord, of Abingdon, Massachusetts, has borne large quantities of excellent fruit every season for seventy years past, and is still in vigorous condition.—*Agriculturist.*

☞ A New Hampshire editor was lately robbed while travelling. How much the thief made by the operation may be discovered by the indignant epistle he immediately sent to his victim, returning the pocket-book:—"You miserable cuss, here's your pocket book. I don't keep no sich. For a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wallet with nothin in it but a lot of newspaper scraps, a pair of wooden combs, two newspaper stamps, and a pass from a railroad director, is a contemptible imposition on the public. As I hear you are an editor I return your trash. I never robs only gentlemen."

☞ FROM BOSTON.—What plain writer has the "Atlantic?" The "*Holmes* pun-man."

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first of a course of three lectures on this subject was delivered on the 9th inst. at the Hall of the University by the Rev. W. A. P. Martin, recently from China.

The lecturer began by stating that describers of the nationalities of people little known, either describe their country as a Utopia or as a Pandemonium. Such had been the case with most accounts of the Chinese, and it was his endeavor to show that there existed both good and evil in that people, their customs, and their laws.

On his first arrival in the Empire, noticing men in chains, engaged in repairing the streets, &c., he was led to ask whether he should judge all China by the degradation exhibited in this spot, but he was more than answered in the negative, when a few hours afterward sailing further up the river he noticed the little boats plying hither and thither, each containing a family, most of whom were born and bred on the water in their narrow habitation; and he saw mothers with their infants tied to their backs toiling at the oar for their sustenance, while in another portion of the boat the larger children were gleefully playing together, and beyond, a small portion of their contracted space was given to the cultivation of flowers; showing that an appreciation of beauty and care in bringing up their families had not been eradicated from the breasts of these poor females thus compelled to labor for their subsistence.

The lecturer had been living in China some eleven years, and at the time of the recent negotiations between that Empire and the four great Christian nations in 1858, he was invited to accompany the American ambassador in the capacity of interpreter, and it was his intention to describe the country and the people as they presented themselves in the course of his journey.

In regard to Chinese history, he referred to Confucius, who flourished more than five centuries before Christ, and who did so much to improve the people, that at this day he is venerated even as Christians venerate their Saviour, so that his statue is in every school, and every city contains a temple dedicated to him. He devoted himself to political economy and expediency, and left laws for government universally admired at the present day.

His formulæ for government, &c., are terse, being condensed into ten Chinese syllables, signifying BENEVOLENCE, ORDER, GOOD SENSE and GOOD FAITH, which are the requisites for good understanding between *sovereign and subject; husband and wife; father and son; friend and friend;* which are the four relations in which the human race stand to each other.

He conceived the design so much approved of by Franklin of conveying instruction in the form of aphorisms of which he made a good many. Some of these proverbs are—

"*To know what we know, and know what we do not know, is knowledge.*"

"*To say what is right and not to do it, is not the part of a brave man.*"

"*A filial son is one who gives his parents no anxiety but for his health.*"

"*That which you would not that another should do to you, beware of doing to him.*"

The difference between the last proverb and that in the New Testament is that one is negative, while the other is positive.

One is negative justice, refraining from injury to our fellow man, while the other stimulates to active charity and establishes man in the career of positive benevolence for the relief of the wants and woes of his fellows.

Confucius left but one work as an acknowledgment of his own pen; it contains a treatise on the art of government as based on the statutes of virtue; it is very concise but elegant, and may often be found written in letters of gold suspended as an ornament in the mansions of the wealthy.

"I am an editor, and not an author," is the modest account which he gives of his own labors. Mainly to his labors in this department is China indebted for her knowledge of antecedent antiquity.

After he had completed his five volumes of compilation, &c., he took them to the summit of a high hill and placed them on an altar there, and rendered thanks to the Supreme Being for having granted him the strength to complete his undertaking, and implored that the benefits which might accrue from them should not be small; and the native artists in their paintings of Confucius represent him in the attitude of prayer while a beam of light shines from heaven on the books, his disciples standing round in admiring wonder.

One of the three styles of religion among the Chinese is that of Confucius, which contains no mythology as in that of the Greeks and Hindoos.

He ignored the existence of a personal Deity and the posthumous existence of man, the two principle doctrines of the Christian religion.

His books did not inculcate truth, but only virtue, expediency being the goal to which he always tended.

A representative of another of the great philosophical religious systems of China, is the temple in which was negotiated the final treaties of the Chinese and the other powers after the aggressive engagements of the British and French squadrons. This is the religion of the Buddhists.

These locate their temples amid romantic scenery, on mountain tops, or in shady dells, or amid the influence of flowing cataracts, but this one was in a narrow plain half a mile from the wall of the town, and it was called the Sea of Light, seemingly an inappropriate name, though located in a seaboard town, which, as is usual with their seaboard towns, was thirty miles away from the sea.

A day or two afterwards this temple was seen, not situated in a narrow plain, but in the midst of a glassy lake which mirrored back the clumps of trees now converted into islets. The previous gloomy aspect of the place, and its subsequent change into a place of beauty, reminds one of the great tenet of their religion that all the objects of sense are delusive and the universe itself but the abode of empty shades.

This religion sprang from one of the Princes of the Empire, who, some two hundred years ago seated in the midst of his fathers palatial grounds, satiated with enjoyment and musing on the satisfaction his life was giving him, thought "All this is passing away; I too am passing away; I am but the slave of destiny chained to a revolving wheel, I may rise higher in a succeeding state or sink lower. But whatever be my condition it cannot be permanent, and without permanence and security there can be no real happiness;" then turning his back on all the enjoyments of the palace, he fled into the midst of the mountain fastnesses, determined to find out the mode of freeing himself from his spiritual thraldom.

After years of meditation he produced two systems of discipline, the first intended for the masses by complying with which they could improve their condition in the successive stages of human happiness; the second was for men of higher capacity by which they might be enabled to sever the ties which bound them to the principles of sense, and rising above the atmosphere of change, enter on that serene region where they would be forever free from change and removed from fear.

The secret of the latter system consists in the extinction of thought, and the eradication of feeling, these being the two avenues by which fear finds its way into the human mind.

To do this it was only necessary to keep the mind occupied with something which should be a substitute for ideas, and hence the peculiar and constant repetitions made use of by the Buddhists in their discipline of prayers not intended to be heard, and not having any devotional element about them.

Buddho said, "My pupils, you must think of nothing at all," and hence they occupy themselves in remaining long in strained positions. One of his disciples is said to have sat for nine years with his face towards a wall, and to have uttered nothing in all that time but the name of Buddho, which he constantly repeated.

The lecturer once apologized to one of these priests for a joint of meat which was on his table, and the Buddhist remarked that the "externals of things are unimportant, all we know is their properties; what do we know of riches?"—a few days after he sold him an idol for a paltry sum.

Another Buddhist actually proposed to the lecturer a coalition between Buddhism and Christianity, "for," said he, "our system of religion is losing its hold, yours will prevail; we have buildings, you furnish the money, and we will frame a partnership for doing good, and you can teach all those who can read, to use the New Testament, and those who cannot read can repeat the name of God."

When Buddhism entered China, it took with powerful attractions, the religion of Confucius having made way for it by its deficiencies.

Another religious system consists in a tenet precisely the opposite of Buddhism, in asserting that all things are material; that nothing but matter exists, and that spirit has no subsistence or existence. This system, though partially founded on a theoretic basis, has developed itself into the religion which has covered China with the Pantheon of gods, whose peculiar province it is to preside over the material interests of the people.

Some of the Chinese blend these three systems into one, though one is ideal in its character, another peoples its creed with gods who preside over their material interests, while the third makes provision for their souls in a future state; so that all these religions are national and popular, and it is impossible to estimate the numbers of their adherents; and the Chinese discovers no incongruity in combining in his creed all three.

The effect of these systems on the morals and intellect of the people has been of the most striking character.

They look back to a period of 3,000 years ago as their golden age, from which they confess to have undergone a constant degeneracy.

In fact, there is one peculiar altar on which one sacrifice is performed but once a year, and but by one individual, the highest in the realm. Once a year the Emperor sacrifices to the Supreme Ruler, which is at once the index and only relic of a forgotten faith, older than any of the existing idolatries. They sacrifice to Shangtee, who is the "arbiter of nations, the dispenser of justice, and the source of blessings."

☞ Our American ladies may now plead full foreign endorsement, and crowd us out of our seats in the cars, smother us under their crinoline, or do any other act and thing that may seem good to them. The London Daily Telegraph, the editor of which has evidently gone mad over some of our exports, says:—"Grace, elegance and beauty seem the birth-right of our fair cousins beyond the Atlantic, and every daughter of Eve from New York to New Orleans appears to be a lady by intuition."

☞ However logical our induction, the end of the thread is fastened upon the assurance of faith.

☞ When a woman intends to give a man the mitten, she generally begins by knitting her brows.

☞ Light wine is but the ghost of wine—it has no body to it.

☞ God's work is carried on by oscillation—now the truth swings to this extreme, now to that; and between, He weaves His steady and perfect plan.

☞ It is said that the right whale must be a "smooth-tongued rogue," as the tongue alone of that leviathan of the deep supplies from three hundred to eight hundred barrels of oil!

☞ Preserving the health by too strict a regimen, is itself a wearisome malady.

SPRING SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Gay birds are singing,
And young buds blow,
Fresh streams are gushing
In merry flow,
Blue skies above me,
Green moss below,
Earth, air and water
With beauty glow!

Great heart of Nature,
How warm, how sweet,
Through earth's green bosom
Thy pulses beat!
With equal rapture,
With joy I greet,
Oh, spring, oh, spring-time,
Thy love complete!

I breathe the perfume
The soft winds bear,
I gaze on the glories
Of earth and air,
In bliss I revel
Without alloy,
For I feel that I worship
While I enjoy.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

LOOK AFTER BROWN.

There was not a busier man in all the little town of B—— than Mr. John Ferret; a lawyer by profession, he was everything else almost by election, and really did nearly as much good as harm, and that is saying a great deal in his favor, considering he *was* a lawyer. Ferret was a constant patron of all the itinerant lecturers who visited B——, and a certain purchaser of every new invention pertaining to domestic economy or enjoyment. Patent stoves, patent bedsteads, patent frying-pans, and patent anything, had irresistible charms for him, and at the period of our tale, he had become the proprietor of the Patent Niagara Shower Bath, warranted to wash a blackamoor white, so tremendous was the rush of its waters. This terrible machine was erected in a small breakfast parlor, as its dimensions exceeded the capacity of Mr. Ferret's dressing room, and was, on the 12th of last December, a source of considerable amusement to Wapshot, the page in waiting to Mrs. Ferret. That young gentleman was delighted at the roar of the descending streams which followed the pulling of a cord resembling a bell-rope, and his speculations as to the effect to be produced upon his master were made manifest by the performance of a kind of war-dance, which ceased only on the entrance of Mrs. Ferret.

"Wapshot! sir!" exclaimed the lady, "what are you about?"

"Oh! mem, only hear," said the excited Buttons, pulling the string. "That's master's new shower-bath."

The fall of water was terrific.

"It certainly is very powerful; but Mr. Ferret will be the only sufferer," remarked the lady. "Thank goodness! it has nothing to do with the house arrangements, this time."

The pleasant anticipations of Wapshot were doomed to disappointment, for a knock at the door, and its consequences, brought Mr. Ferret instantly in pursuit of his wife. In his hurry to communicate with his *cara sposa*, Mr. F. had evidently forgotten the progress he had made in his bathing costume, and being a bald-headed man (with the most imposing wig in B——), he had surmounted his glossy cranium with a long, conical oil-cloth cap, according to the "Directions for Use," which accompanied the bill and recipe for the Niagara.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, in astonishment at her husband's singular appearance.

"And bless me!" rejoined Mr. Ferret, "since it comes to that—there's a letter addressed to you—I have opened it, as I did not know the handwriting, (pray excuse the liberty,) and left by a gentleman who promises to call again in half an hour. It is from Mincing Lane."

"What, from dear old Uncle Richman!" cried Mrs. Ferret.

"It is, Barbara, and this is what he says:

"'DEAR MADAM—The bearer of this is a friend of our house, and desires to be introduced to Mr. Ferret. The name of the bearer is Mr. Brown. Yours, &c.,

"'GEORGE RICHMAN,
"'for
"'RICHMAN & CO.'"

"The gentleman is to call again!" inquired Mrs. Ferret, and not waiting for a reply, added: "Dear old uncle! It's a long time since we heard from him. I'm so glad he has not forgotten us, and it's lucky we can show him a civility. He is so very rich."

"And *we*," remarked Mr. Ferret, laying great stress upon the personal pronoun, "*we*, his only relations, I say we, my dear, because with all your worldly goods you did me endow, and I looked upon your uncle Richard as part of your marriage settlement. Ha! ha! Barbara!"

Mr. Ferret had not done laughing at his own happy conceit, when Wapshot placed in his hand a telegraphic message, and which that intelligent servitor called a "leg-trif."

"From Mr. Richman, also," said Mr. Ferret, and read aloud:

"'From George Richman, London, to John Ferret, B——. "Look after Brown."'"

"Our expected visitor, my dear. What's he mean by 'Look after Brown?'"

We have hesitated to confess that Mr. Ferret had any weakness beyond that love of novelty which we are told in the Latin grammar is common to all, but he had. Mr. Ferret was of a most suspicious nature, and trusted nothing and nobody until he had turned them inside out, as he expressed it.

"What's he mean?" answered Mrs. Ferret, "that we are to show Mr. Brown every possible attention. 'Look after Brown.'"

"Well, I don't read it so," said Ferret. "'Look after,' means 'look *sharp*' after Brown."

"What a suspicious creature you are, Ferret!"

"And you are so confiding you would trust the cat with the cream-jug," retorted Ferret.

"Didn't you annoy our neighbor from India, by your ridiculous notion that he lured our ducks to lay in his garden," said Mrs. F., with a sneer. "The man was so hurt at your insinuations, that he left his lodgings, and has lived at 'The George' ever since."

"So much the better," replied Ferret, declining, however, to satisfy his wife why it was more desirable for Mr. Mango to live at an inn than in lodgings; and adding, "However, I shall take care of Brown, whenever he puts in an appearance."

They did not wait long for that pleasure, for Wapshot very soon after introduced a much sunburnt middle-aged gentleman as Mr. Brown to the pair of Ferrets.

Nothing could be kinder than his reception by the lady, nothing much colder than his introduction to the gentleman.

"And dear uncle? is he quite well?" said Mrs. Ferret.

"Quite so—apparently," said Mr. Brown, cautiously.

"No appearance of his distressing asthma, and biennial gout?" asked Ferret, stimulated to join the conversation by Mr. Brown's slight hesitation in certifying to Mr. Richman's condition.

"I was not aware he was so afflicted," replied Brown; "I am not an intimate friend of Mr. Richman. His house was in connection with my agent in Calcutta, and I applied to him to assist me in my inquiry for a Mr. Mango. I was told that he was living here, and that you would kindly introduce me."

"Dear me, how unfortunate," said Mrs. Ferret, looking askance at her husband.

"Not at all! not at all!" exclaimed Ferret; "a man who allures silly creatures to desert their natural protectors—to forget the hand that feeds them—"

"You astonish me!" said Brown. "Mango was thought to be an eccentric man, but the soul of honor. May I inquire whom he has lured into error?"

"Four Aylesbury ducks, sir. Encouraged them to lay on his premises," answered Ferret.

Brown evidently thought Ferret insane, and considering his extraordinary costume, and the ridiculous charge against Mango, there was sufficient cause for the opinion. Brown therefore said very mildly,

"Oh, was that all! you have relieved me greatly. And where shall I find Mr. Mango?"

"At the George Inn," replied Mrs. Ferret; "but I hope you will take dinner with us to-day. We dine at five."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Ferret, but I must return to London this evening," answered Brown.

"Then oblige us by taking luncheon at twelve."

"I have a board to attend at twelve," said Ferret, glancing savagely at his wife.

"Mr. Brown will excuse your absence, I am sure," replied Mrs. Ferret, returning the look.

"I am sure I will," said Brown, with an emphasis which made Ferret start, and almost alarmed his jealousy.

"At twelve, I will be punctual," said Mr. Brown, referring to his watch, which, to his apparent surprise, had stopped an hour ago.

"Pray, make use of mine," exclaimed Mrs. Ferret. "It was a present from my dear uncle, and goes capitally."

"Goes! of course it does!" whispered Ferret, holding up the telegram at the back of their visitor.

"I thank you very much," answered Brown, "and will, with your permission, leave my watch with you. It is a strange looking affair."

It was, and quite justified Ferret's remark, who, on learning that it had come from India, observed,

"The climate must be favorable to watches, if they generally grow to the size of the present specimen."

Mr. Brown merely looked at him in reply, and then addressing Mrs. Ferret, said, with some earnestness,

"It is of English make, ma'am, and I hope to have something to tell you about it when I return."

"When he returns," whispered Ferret again, showing his telegram.

"Which will be at twelve," returned his wife, pointing significantly to her letter.

"To a moment," added Brown; "so for the present I wish you good morning."

"John Ferret," said the lady, when Brown had left the house; "John Ferret, I blush for you! How can you be such a bear?"

"I am ashamed of you," retorted Ferret, "for being such a fool. Do you expect to see that watch any more? You had better have a handle put to the one he has left you, and use it as a warming-pan. To call that a watch! A steam-engine of twenty horse-power at least! Ah! you may well stare at it. However, it's your own doing, and if you lose your watch, don't ask me to buy another."

Mr. Brown's odd-looking time-piece seemed to interest Mrs. Ferret strangely, so much so that she burst into tears and left the room.

Mr. Ferret was rather pleased than otherwise at his wife's tribulation, receiving it as a testimony to his oratory and discrimination, two things upon which he prided himself exceedingly.

A client was now announced, and Mr. Ferret, utterly unmindful of his singular head-dress, requested the new comer to be shown into the breakfast parlor.

"Well, Spooner! an early bird this morning," said Ferret. "What's the matter? Sit down."

Mr. Spooner, who was at all times very nervous in Mr. Ferret's presence, now evinced an increased trepidation at finding he had intruded upon the worthy lawyer's privacy, and it was not until he had been told to "go on," and to "fire away," that he ventured to observe that he had "come for a little advice."

"And shall have it cheap," said Ferret, encouragingly. "Thirteen and fourpence an hour isn't dear. Is it?"

"No, sir; I suppose not."

"Five minutes past ten," continued Ferret, looking at his watch; "say ten, so fire away."

Mr. Spooner shook a good deal, and obeyed.

"I have been broken into, Mr. Ferret."

"What?"

"I was a victim to burglary last night. I was in bed."

"Nothing unusual in that," said Ferret.

"No, sir—and asleep."

"And snoring?"

"No, sir, thank goodness, my worst enemy can't accuse me of that! I heard a noise in the wash-house. Up I gets—"

"And down you goes, of course; and there you saw—"

"A man who cried out, 'Take care—'"

"Of Brown?" exclaimed Ferret, starting up.

"I can't say, sir, but he threw a bottle-jack at me, and I threw a boot-jack in return, and—and—and knocked off this," said Spooner, producing a blue bag, which contained something bulky.

"Knocked off his head?" inquired Ferret.

"No; I wish it had been. It's only his hat," and Spooner produced a low-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver, very much the worse for the service it had seen.

Now, strange to say, Brown's hat was just the same shape, and as "trifles light as air are to the jealous mind confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ" (the idea is not ours), and Mr. Ferret being, as we have already observed, of a suspicious temperament, he instantly exclaimed,

"As I live, it's that scoundrel Brown!"

"What a clever man you are, Mr. Ferret; you know the hat. The man was—"

"Tall," said Ferret.

Brown was tall.

"No—short," said Spooner.

"No—tall," cried Ferret; "he can shut himself up like a telescope, no doubt."

"You think so," asked the wondering client. "Rather fat—"

"When compressed. Draws out long and thin," remarked Ferret, determined not to lose his man. "I know the fellow—he was here before I had breakfast. But I was up to him. Don't mind showing you:" producing the telegram. "Read that. 'Look after Brown.'"

"Dear me! what information you have, Mr. Ferret! What's to be done?"

"Spooner, I wouldn't let that fellow escape for a thousand pounds. You shall identify him; he will be here directly. Mrs. Ferret must not suspect we have found out anything, or, such is her infatuation, she will be giving the vagabond warning. No, you shall stay here. Ah, a brilliant thought! Get in here," said Ferret, undrawing the curtain of "Niagara."

"In there!" replied Spooner, hesitating to enter the bath.

"It's quite safe, only a very little damp: and the smell of the paint is quite refreshing," said Ferret, as he handed in his unwilling client.

Mr. Ferret was doomed to have a busy morning, for Spooner had scarcely been made a Companion of the Bath, when Wapshot announced a stranger newly come by the train.

Ferret would have made some preparation before receiving him, but the business which had brought the stranger to B—— evidently admitted of no delay, as he followed Wapshot into the room, and introduced himself.

"My name's Drabs, sir," said the new comer. "I'm from Pankers."

"Well," replied Ferret, rather annoyed at the intrusion, "that's a great deal of information in a few words. Pray, Mr. Drabs, who is Pankers?"

"Pankers," answered Drabs, is meterderpolitan parish, and I am its beadle—plain as I appear."

"A parochial peacock without its feathers," thought Ferret. "Travelling *incog.*—and for what purpose?"

"The fact is," said Drabs, settling down in an arm-chair, "the fact is, in our parish we have more wives and small children than we knows what to do with, and a unmitigated vagabond has left us five—"

"What—wives?" inquired Ferret.

"No; children, and one wife," replied Drabs. "We've traced him down here, and I've been referred to you, as Clerk to the Guardians, to help us to get him back again. He ain't particular what he calls hisself.—Sometimes it's Down, sometimes it's Crown, sometimes—"

"Brown—Brown!" exclaimed Ferret; the one idea still uppermost in his mind.

"Well, let us think," said Drabs, sucking the knob of his stick, and cocking one eye up at the ceiling. "Well, I should say it's very likely he might a' called hisself Brown at some period or other."

"Then I've got him, Drabs," cried Ferret. "A human cuckoo that leaves his brood in any nest that will hold them! He'll be here directly."

"But are you sure he's my man?" asked Drabs, not to be too hasty in the matter.

"Tall!" said Ferret.

"Well, betwixt and between."

"Rather thin?"

"Not corpulent, certainly," answered Drabs, glancing at his own well-developed figure.

"It's the same man!" said Ferret. "I expect him here every moment. You shall pounce upon him like a hawk. Let me introduce you to another victim of Brown," said Ferret, drawing aside the curtain of the bath, "Mr. Drabs of Pankers, Mr. Spooner of B——. You'll soon know each other—mutual wrongs are, like the thongs which bound the *fasces*." A classical figure of speech, in great favor with Mr. F. at all local meetings.

The trap being set and baited, Mr. Ferret proceeded to his dressing-room to make his toilet, exulting in his anticipated triumph over the credulity of Mrs. Ferret, should Brown return, or not.

He was not quite so clever as he thought himself.

There was evidently a culmination of events threatening the House of Ferret this morning, for to the terror of Wapshot (the real egg-sucker) Mr. Mango knocked at the door.

Mrs. Ferret was very pleased and surprised to see Mr. Mango, and told him so.

"You are most kind," said the old gentleman. "I have long desired to pay this visit, indeed it was my business here at B——, but Mr. Ferret's extraordinary conduct with regard to those Aylesbury ducks made it impossible."

"Pray think no more of that, my dear sir. Mr. Ferret had been very ill with a fever and lost—lost—"

"His wits?" asked Mr. Mango.

"No, sir, not his wits, but a remarkable fine head of hair, and the loss made him very irritable. Besides, I must own, that, though he is a most affectionate husband, he is the most suspicious man alive."

"What has made him so?" inquired Mango.

"I think it is his profession," replied Mrs. Ferret. "He is a lawyer; and, therefore, sees so much of the bad side of human nature, that he almost doubts if there be a good one. Pray think no more of that ridiculous matter."

"Well, for your sake," said Mr. Mango. "I will not. You know a Mr. Brown, I believe?"

"He called here this morning," replied Mrs. Ferret; "and—really I am ashamed to own it—but John suspects him of some design upon him. I would give a great deal to cure John of this unfortunate disposition to be so distrustful."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Mango, and it was evident Mr. Ferret was no favorite with the old Indian. "My visit to you," he continued, "has reference to an interview I have had with Mr. Brown."

Mr. Ferret having completed his toilet, substituting a wig, which George the Fourth would have envied, for his oil-cloth extinguisher, fancied he heard voices in the adjoining room, and stealing to the door, as stealthily as a cat, opened it without noise, and to his surprise saw Mr. Mango in conversation with his wife, and heard the hated name of Brown.

"Your maiden name," said Mango, "was Chubb."

"What's that to him?" thought Ferret; "I changed it."

"You are an orphan, and married a man older than yourself."

"Like his impudence," muttered Ferret; "he's been looking up the parish register."

"You had an uncle Godfrey, who years ago went to India—a bankrupt, worthless fellow."

"He had been unfortunate," replied Mrs. Ferret, "but my mother always said he was the kindest of brothers."

Mango paused for a moment, took the hand of Mrs. Ferett, and looking at her, tenderly said,

"You are very like your mother, in openness of face and confidence of disposition.—Brown has told me of your lending him your watch."

"Of course," thought Ferret, "and laughed at her stupidity."

"He left one with you?" asked Mango.

"Yes, and here it is," replied Mrs. Ferret; "I recognize in it a very old acquaintance."

"And I an older one," said Mango. "Do you mind trusting this to me for a short time?"

"Oh, certainly not," answered Mrs. Ferret, giving Mango the wonderful piece of mechanism.

"I see it all," thought Ferret. "Brown has her watch; Mango gets Brown's, and Mrs. F. is done out of both."

"I knew your uncle well," said Mango.—"Some years ago he sent you a locket—I see it there. May I be allowed to look at it?"

"He will have the wedding-ring off her finger presently," thought Ferret, and began to consider whether he was not bound as a husband to present himself. The return of Mr. Brown left him no alternative.

Either the abruptness of Ferret's entrance into the room, or the magnificence of his wig overpowered his visitors, and neither spoke for nearly a minute, whilst he, with arms folded and figure erect, looked anything but a welcome.

"John," exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, at length, "what is the matter with you?"

A look was her only answer, and then Ferret took from the table the blue bag brought by Spooner, and producing the hat left behind by the burglar, threw it with great force at the feet of Mr. Brown.

"Is the man mad?" cried Mango.

Ferret, undisturbed by the remark, placed himself opposite to Brown, and in a hissing whisper, which would have made any tragedian's fortune, said,

"A wife and five children are in Pankers workhouse. Where is the husband? where is the father?"

"How should I know, my dear sir?" replied Brown, getting rather alarmed.

"The house of a peaceable citizen was broken into last night. That hat was left behind."

"Well, sir," remarked Brown, not in the least understanding why the information was confided so particularly to him.

"But we were warned in time," said Ferret, raising his voice to gallery pitch. "Thanks to the Electric Telegraph. Read that, sir, from our excellent relative, Mr. Richman.—'LOOK AFTER BROWN.'"

"Mad! decidedly mad!" cried Mango, buttoning up his coat and preparing to retreat; but poor Mrs. Ferret, almost hysterical with disgust and anger, clung to his arm and prevented his egress.

"And dare you, sir," said Brown, as soon as his indignation would allow the words to escape his lips, "dare you, sir, accuse me of burglary and desertion?"

"In unvarnished English—yes!" bawled Ferret, "and I've witnesses there," pointing to "Niagara."

"Produce them!" shouted Brown.

"I won't till I please!" exclaimed Ferret.

"Mango, ring the bell. Let us see if there is a sane person in the house," cried Brown.

Mango had already fixed his eye on the brass ring and cord depending from Niagara, and, without pausing to consider this somewhat unusual position for a bell-rope, pulled away with all his might.

Then came a rush of waters, mingled with roars of alarm and agony from Drabs and the timid client, followed by their immediate appearance in the centre of the room dripping and shaking themselves like two Newfoundland dogs after a bath in the river.

"Where?—Who?—What?" exclaimed all but Ferret, and he pointed with exultation to the saturated pair, "behold my witnesses!"

"Plaintiffs, you mean," said Drabs. "At least I'm one. You shall pay for this trick, Mr. Ferret."

"Nonsense! That's your deserter, Pankers!"

"No, it's not; not a feature of any one of the children about him," said Drabs, abruptly quitting the room.

"Spooner, then it's your man," cried Ferret.

"Not the least like him. I'm a corpse, Mr. Ferret, a corpse! My last injunction to my executors will be 'prosecute Ferret!'" said Spooner, leaving the room, the chattering of his teeth being distinctly audible until he reached the street.

Ferret was confounded.

"Well, sir, a pretty fool you've made of yourself, John Ferret," said his helpmate. "Look after Brown! Look after yourself, I think, sir."

"My dear, there is evidently some mistake," suggested Ferret.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brown," said Mango to that gentleman, with whom he had been conversing in a corner. "I was prepared to receive your statement as truth, and would have acted upon it; but when I find a respectable practitioner like Mr. Ferret accuse you of burglary and desertion of your family, I pause, sir, I pause!"

"Say, sir, what have I to gain?" asked Brown. "That watch which you recognize was given to me by your nephew, William Chubb."

"His nephew!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Ferret.

"With this will," continued Brown, showing a legal-looking packet, "bequeathing his claims upon you—"

"Ten thousand pounds," said Mango. "I acknowledge the debt."

"Ten thousand pounds," and Brown rolled the words out as though every letter was a lump of gold—"and which he bequeaths to his cousin Mrs. Ferret here."

Mrs. Ferret subsided on to the sofa, and the hair of Ferret's wig stood on end—almost.

"What do you say, sir?" gasped the astonished lawyer. "Ten thousand pounds, and the debt acknowledged."

"Just so," said Mango; "and I should have made no difficulty in the payment of the money, had not Mr. Ferret accused Mr. Brown of crimes which make me doubt the validity of those documents."

"Oh, don't say that," cried Ferret; "I didn't mean it."

"Pardon me," rejoined Mango. "I am sorry to put you to the delay and cost of sending to India for proofs. The process is tedious, very tedious, but necessary now."

"Oh, John!" sobbed Mrs. Ferret, from the depths of the sofa pillows; "I told you to look after Brown."

"When you can bring me satisfactory evidence," continued Mango, walking towards the door, "I am prepared to pay."

"You don't mean to leave us, Mr. Mango, in this unsatisfactory manner?" cried Ferret.

Mr. Brown appeared about to follow Mr. Mango, but pausing, said:

"Mr. Ferret, my object was to have served you in this matter, but the insult I have received, the injury my character has sustained, must be atoned for. You, as a lawyer, know the course I shall adopt, and you know your own."

"Oh, yes," replied Ferret, in a most despondent tone; "the process is very simple. *Brown* vs. *Ferret*, defamation. Damages a thousand pounds."

"Oh, John! John! How could you doubt the meaning of that telegram?" and Mrs. Ferret sat on the sofa like "Niobe all tears."

"You have been a good wife to me," said Ferret, throwing himself on the table and wrapping up his head in the crimson cover, "So young, and yet so wise! You'll find my will at the back of the wardrobe, wrapped up in my wedding waistcoat."

The wife—the woman could not withstand this, and so she threw her arms about the red bundle on the table, and called it her "dear Johnny."

"I've left you everything, and have only to add a law-suit, *Brown* vs. *Ferret*, damages a thousand."

"Oh! my dear Johnny, you are wandering!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, striving to unroll the mummy.

"It was destiny made me erect 'Niagara,'" continued the unhappy man. "An ancient gentleman burned himself on a funeral pyre. I shall take a funeral shower-bath!"

Mrs. Ferret screamed and shook her husband violently, whilst Mr. Mango returned and said, soothingly: "Come, Mr. Ferret, be a man. Proofs of Mr. Brown's respectability can be obtained easily."

"No, no! impossible!" interrupted Ferret; and then recollecting the probable consequences of such a denial, gasped, rather than said, "more libel! more libel!"

"It was fortunate that Wapshot interrupted this agonizing scene by another telegram, and which the excited Mrs. Ferret seized and read aloud for the general edification:—"Look after Brown. He is the best friend you have, and the most honorable man alive."

"Hoorah." All is clear at last. The telegraph clerk had only sent one half the message, which had produced such confusion and misunderstanding. The doubts of Mango were only feigned to punish Mr. Ferret, and the old Indian proved the best of the *genus* uncle, making his niece richer than she had ever dreamed to be, and happier by laughing Ferret out of his proneness to suspicion.

The telegram was framed and hung over the mantelpiece in the breakfast parlor *in memoriam* of the eventful day recorded in these pages.

MARK LEMON.

DO NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH

Moral Goodness from Children.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

Do not expect from a child any great amount of moral goodness. During early years every civilized man passes through that phase of character exhibited by the barbarous race from which he is descended. As the child's features—flat nose, forward-opening nostrils, large lips, wide-apart eyes, absent frontal sinus, &c.,—resemble for a time those of the savage, so, too, do his instincts. Hence the tendencies to cruelty, to thieving, to lying, so general among children—tendencies which, even without the aid of discipline, will become more or less modified just as the features do. The popular idea that children are "innocent," while it may be true in so far as it refers to evil *knowledge*, is totally false in so far as it refers to evil *impulses*, as half an hour's observation in the nursery will prove to any one. Boys when left to themselves, as at a public school, treat each other far more brutally than men do; and were they left to themselves at an earlier age their brutality would be still more conspicuous.

Not only is it unwise to set up a high standard for juvenile good conduct, but it is even unwise to use very urgent incitements to such good conduct. Already most people recognize the detrimental results of intellectual precocity; but there remains to be recognized the truth that there is a *moral precocity* which is also detrimental. Our higher moral faculties, like our higher intellectual ones, are comparatively complex. By consequence they are both comparatively late in their evolution. And with the one as with the other, a very early activity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future character. Hence the not uncommon fact that those who during childhood were instanced as models of juvenile goodness, by-and-by undergo some disastrous and seemingly inexplicable change, and end by being not above but below par; while relatively exemplary men are often the issue of a childhood by no means so promising.

Be content, therefore, with moderate measures and moderate results. Constantly bear in mind the fact that a higher morality, like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow growth; and you will then have more patience with those imperfections of nature which your child hourly displays. You will be less prone to that constant scolding, and threatening, and forbidding, by which many parents induce a chronic domestic irritation, in the foolish hope that they will thus make their children what they should be.

This comparatively liberal form of domestic government, which does not seek despotically to regulate all the details of a child's conduct, necessarily results from the system for which we have been contending. Satisfy yourself with seeing that your child always suffers the natural consequences of his actions, and you will avoid that excess of control in which so many parents err.—Leave him wherever you can to the discipline of experience, and you will so save him from that hot-house virtue which over-regulation produces in yielding natures, or that demoralizing antagonism which it produces in independent ones.

By aiming in all cases to administer the natural reactions to your child's actions, you will put an advantageous check upon your own temper. The method of moral education pursued by many, we fear by most, parents, is little else than that of venting their anger in the way that first suggests itself.—The slaps, and rough shakings, and sharp words, with which a mother commonly visits her offspring's small offences (many of them not offences considered intrinsically), are very generally but the manifestations of her own ill-controlled feelings—result much more from the promptings of those feelings than from a wish to benefit the offenders. While they are injurious to her own character, these ebullitions tend, by alienating her children and by decreasing their respect for her, to diminish her influence over them. But by pausing in each case of transgression to consider what is the natural consequence, and how that natural consequence may best be brought home to the transgressor, some little time is necessarily obtained for the mastery of yourself; the mere blind anger first aroused in you settles down into a less vehement feeling, and one not so likely to mislead you.

Do not, however, seek to behave as an utterly passionless instrument. Remember that besides the natural consequences of your child's conduct which the working of things tends to bring round on him, your own approbation or disapprobation is also a natural consequence, and one of the ordained agencies for guiding him. The error which we have been combating is that of *substituting* parental displeasure and its artificial penalties, for the penalties which nature has established. But while it should not be *substituted* for these natural penalties, it by no means follows that it should not, in some form, *accompany* them. The *secondary* kind of punishment should not usurp the place of the *primary* kind; but, in moderation, it may rightly supplement the primary kind. Such amount of disapproval, or sorrow, or indignation, as you feel, should be expressed in words or manner or otherwise; subject, of course, to the approval of your judgment.—The degree and kind of feeling produced in you will necessarily depend upon your own character, and it is therefore useless to say it should be this or that. All that can be recommended is, that you should aim to m dify the feeling into that which you believe ought to be entertained. Beware, however, of the two extremes; not only in respect of the intensity, but in respect of the duration of your displeasure. On the one hand, anxiously avoid that weak impulsiveness, so general among mothers, which scolds and forgives almost in the same breath. On the other hand, do not unduly continue to show estrangement of feeling, lest you accustom your child to do without your friendship, and so lose your influence over him. The moral reactions called forth from you by your child's actions, you should as much as possible assimilate to those which you conceive would be called forth from a parent of perfect nature.

LOOKING WESTWARD IN OCTOBER.

TO MY FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CARRIE MEYER.

Our little, cosy, wood-secluded nest,
Reclining on this gently sloping hill,
Never was dearer, prettier in my sight.
The walls of living green, now gaily hung
With autumn's banners, and the azure roof
That close me in, are generously rife
With sweetest influences. It is so still,
I fancy I could hear the softest wave
Of angels' speeding wing that God might send
To bear me home to His own holy land!
And, though the haunting fears and rankling doubts—
The withered woman-hopes of one dark year—
The spirit-wail that pierced the heart of Heaven
When, in deep, chilling waves, Love's bark went down—
Are not forgotten in the royal gold
That lights the occidental palaces,
Or rosy wine of rich, rare lands, poured out
By ardent hands, around his couch of rest,
In honor of the day-god's bright career—
Yet hath this pageantry the power to charm
Away from heavy hearts earth-shadows drear.

A child, whose heart was happy all the day,
Sat once in this same place and looked, in joy
She could not understand, till faded out
The rose and amber from yon golden halls;
And as the stars came out to welcome night,
Strange yearnings rose—new light flashed o'er her soul!
She longed to pierce the thrilling mystery
That made so great and grand the coming years!
And all life's gorgeous visions culminated
In one fair time—and that, her fancy deemed,
Would come to her when 'neath her dancing feet
The flowers of eighteen summers should be strown!

It came; and womanhood's full flush and bloom
Was on her cheek; but not for her the wealth
She saw in all her simple childhood's dreams.
No king crowned her young brow with jewels! Still
It was a glorious season; and she went her way
Rejoicing, hoping, as she might. But soon
The purple shine of that rich morn was dim!
Then came the bard's sweet passion e'en to glow
In every vein and fibre of her frame;
And friends were given, and precious faith in Christ.
These yet remain—and these alone! 'Tis well.
Tears stain the page. I will unclasp no more
The sealed volume of the heart's sad lore.
Praise to the Lord! He doeth all things well!

"I am content," and blest. It is a thought
Better than crown of fame or glare of wealth,
That thou, my Friend, canst fully understand,
Without my telling, every strange, sad mood,
And exquisite intensity of happiness
That still so oft are mine alternately.
Thou readest well each high and holy hope
That nerves me now to meet the strife and storm
Of these cold, rugged ways. Dear is the thought!
Thy poet soul can sit with mine beside
The pure Hellenic streams, and drink from all
Their sparkling founts of joy; or wander where
Aurora bends in love eternally
O'er old Tithonus, pale and sorrowful!
Or climb the fragrant, flowery mount of song,
With that Thessalian nymph whose wondrous voice
In music floats to Being's inner world.
Oh, Friend! to us forevermore are free
The starry sapphire gates—the kingly thrones,
And costly dwellings of the Beautiful!

Mt. Home, O., Oct., 1860.

KNOCK UNDER.—One communion Sunday, an old Kentucky soldier, who had fought under Gen. Jackson at New Orleans, and knew well what manner of man he had been, attended the Hermitage Church, and saw the aged warrior kneel reverently before the altar. He was transfixed with astonishment. After the service was over, he was observed to be unusually silent and thoughtful, and, upon being questioned, related what he had seen. He concluded his narrative thus:—"When I saw the man who had fought armies, parties, cabinets, and had never fought without conquering, get down on his knees in that church, I said to myself: 'Well, when General Jackson kneels, I tell you, boys, I think its about time for me to knock under.'" Four weeks after, he joined the church, and lived and died an exemplary member.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—The following statement shows the excellent moral influence of the cultivation of music:—

In a Kentish village, numbering hardly more than five hundred inhabitants, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. Every Christmas and Easter, for some years past, they have performed an oratorio of Handel, or some other great master; they cherish their church music, and they live together with their minds awakened to such a sense of harmony, that for years past not one of them has been punished for, or accused of, any offence against the law.

☞ "Have you ever seen a mermaid, Commodore?" "I've seen a good many fish-women, ma'am, if that's what you mean."

☞ He alone is an acute observer, who observes closely without being observed.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Don Carlos. "What is this world? Thy school, oh, misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave."
—*Young.*—"*The Revenge.*"

Inexpressibly wretched, crushed with a strange terror of the future thus sadly commenced, Beatrice drew herself closely into one corner of the carriage, and lowering her veil, lay back in painful thought, contrasting the present miserable reality with the bright visions in which, like all girls, she had formerly indulged, and which were now ended forever.

Once she had looked forward to this day with timid joy, as the beginning and ratification of all happiness; but now that it had really come, what was it—what had it brought?

Union with a man who had so little love, so little respect, for her and for herself, as to allow the very first act of his married life to be an outrage—a deliberate insult to her and to her friends; and who, now taking her thus from her kindred forever, sat apart less like a bridegroom than an angry master, without giving even a reason for his unkindly conduct.

What wonder, then, that feeling all this, the poor girl's heart ached even more keenly than it had done in the morning; or that she involuntarily compared her lordly husband with one who, whatever his faults, was always tender and chivalrous, and whose strength would have been used to protect from, not inflict, injury or insult; but who was now, alas! like herself, another's—and the thought of whom was consequently a sin.

Meditating thus, time passed swiftly, and at last the bride's sad and singular reverie was disturbed by a sarcastic voice, saying,

"I trust your dreams are pleasant."

The lady started guiltily, and as she looked up and encountered her companion's gaze, a flush crimsoned her cheek, and in sudden confusion she cast her eyes again upon the ground.

The act meant nothing; and had Carlisle's mind been in a healthy state, he would never have supposed that it did; but now the words of that vile letter, received a few hours before, poisoned and perverted his judgment.—He saw and misunderstoood everything; and looking savagely upon the innocent girl he suspected so unjustly, he muttered an oath, and, leaning forward, inadvertently jerked the check-string so sharply that the horses were pulled up suddenly and violently on their haunches, and Monsieur Alphonse, springing from the rumble, appeared at the door, asking anxiously if anything was the matter—if his Grace had any orders.

"No,—confound you all! What the deuce are you stopping for? Drive on!—on to perdition, for aught I care!" thundered he, kicking the mat away from his feet and falling back, while he drew his hat over his eyes.

Beatrice looked at him in doubt and alarm. Was he insane? Certainly his conduct justified the supposition; for where, amid the annals of all the marriages that had ever chanced, had a bridegroom behaved as this one did? Surely, she thought, he must be mad or ill; and as the idea struck her, a woman's tender, forgiving pity rose up in her heart towards him, and, bending forward, she said, softly,

"Has anything disturbed you? Are you ill, my lord?"

He looked up quickly, and met her eye: there was nothing there to cavil at or suspect, and so he answered,

"'My lord!' You are very ceremonious. Why do you not call me Lionel—or Carlisle, at the least?"

"I scarcely thought—I have not been accustomed to it."

He growled a passionate expletive, and she continued earnestly,

"Do not be angry. I shall acquire the habit in time."

"No doubt."

"Yes; and if you really desire it, I will begin at once," and, laying her hand lightly on his arm, she went on with a faint blush, "Are you ill, Lionel, that you speak so sternly?"

Carlisle must have been more or less than man, if this prompt and graceful obedience, those tones, and that bewitching look—conveyed, too, by eyes that would have melted an anchorite—had not touched him. They did, to the very heart's core—making its pulse leap and bound with the fire of youth; and seizing the little hand that lay like a pearl-shell upon his sleeve, he covered it with kisses, exclaiming vehemently,

"I have been ill—mad! but I am well now. Forgive me, dearest!"

She bent her head in answer, her face glowing under the caress which she would gladly have evaded had it been possible.

Then followed a silence—the Duke toying with the rings which, presented to his bride this morning, had not been removed; and, after a while, taking advantage of his mood, Beatrice said,

"Why did you hurry away so quickly from my aunt just now, my lo—Lionel?"

He moved uneasily.

"Business and—and an ill fancy, which I hope,"—and he turned the searching gaze of eyes accustomed to read women's hearts in their faces, upon her,—"was nothing more than a fancy."

"I hope so, too, if it vexed you."

"You do?"

"Of course. How strange you are, my lord!"

"Am I? I would not have you think so. It was a fancy, then—nothing more. And yet I would fain be sure, Beatrice:"—and again he bent his eyes upon her. "Sweet wife, forgive me what I am going to say, but my heart will not be satisfied with silence. You are very beautiful, and many, before I met you, must have thought and told you so. You have had many suitors, have you not?"

"That is an unreasonable question. Suppose I refuse to answer it?" said the bride, with a forced smile, feeling as if a cold hand had suddenly grasped her heart.

"Oh, no, no—you will not! As you value my peace and your own, answer me."

"Why?"

"Nay, ask not the reason for so simple a demand, but be generous, and answer it. 'Tis your husband who asks it."

"My husband—true! But the authority is new to me as yet, and—"

She paused.

"Distasteful, you would say."

"No, I should *not* say so. But, indeed,"—and her courage returned—"this question, following upon your singular conduct to-day, distresses and alarms me. If this is but a specimen of your home manners, forgive me if I say I can only regret that the veil which shrouded them was not lifted yesterday."

"When you would have jilted me, I suppose? 'Oh, frailty, thy name is woman!'"

"Pardon me. That time-honored quotation appears to me scarcely appropriate on this occasion, and certainly not deserved.—Look at the case as it stands, and judge. Two months since you sought my hand, as I supposed, for love; but let that pass. You brought to bear all the influence of the only friend I had about me, to aid your suit, and therefore won it. Then, my acceptance given, you hurry on the wedding with almost indecorous speed, pleading your ardent passion as apology; and when your wishes are complied with, and everything yielded you desire, you drag me madly from my home and family, scarcely permitting a parting word! Was this, I ask, the conduct of a gentleman—set aside that of a lover?—and am I to be called frail, because I hesitate to answer a rude question, asked by one whose treatment has given him no claim on my confidence; and because, at the prospect of a future which the last few hours have opened before me, I cannot but sigh for the freedom I have relinquished?"

Flushed by the excitement of speaking thus, Beatrice's white countenance brightened, her eyes flashed with unusual fire, and her whole aspect was so charming, that the Duke, subdued not only by her beauty, but by her frank and daring language, as well as *the knowledge of its truth*, answered, deprecatingly,

"I have told you that I was overcome by a wild fancy, for which I have sought your pardon. What more shall I say or do to win it, beautiful, exquisite creature that you are?"

"Nothing. Only let me be at peace."

"One kiss to seal it!"

And for the second time that day the Duke pressed his wife's lips; and this time, although she went deathly cold, and her heart seemed to die within her, she did not shrink.

The hollow truce ratified, the lady lay back again among the cushions, her veil once more closely drawn; and her husband, more annoyed and thoroughly dissatisfied with himself than perhaps he had ever felt before, beat a restless tattoo with his foot, and looked out of the window.

Thus pleasantly passed the two first stages of their journey, until, about three o'clock, they arrived at Rochester.

With the dash and rattle incumbent upon the postilion of a Duke and Duchess on their wedding tour, the chariot drew up to the portal of the principal hotel, where horses had been ordered to go on. But almost ere the wheels stopped, the portly hostess, who had been watching for the arrival, bustled out with flying ribbons, and rustling silks, and curtsied up to the carriage, not, however, before one of the grinning postboys whispered in her ear,

"Them's a precious spicey pair, them is! On'y spliced this blessed mornin', an' bin' a quarrelin' ever sin'! Oh, my!"

And having thus relieved his mind, the young hopeful dived into the recesses of the bar, and was seen no more, while Mrs. Hopkins, considerably scandalized, shook her spiral curls in grave reproof, and disposing her merry countenance into the correct expression of mingled congratulations and condolence, hurried, as I have said, to the carriage door, which Alphonse held open, observing "that it was very hot for the time of year—and would not my lady be pleased to alight?—or might she take the liberty of bringing some refreshment there?"

The Duke looked at his bride, and seeing how pale she was, said, "The next will be a very long stage, love: you had better go in and rest, and have some luncheon. I suppose you have a room, Mrs.—Mrs.——"

"Hopkins, sir—I mean, my lord—that is, your Grace."

"Never mind—never mind! Then, Mrs. Hopkins, you have a room where the Duchess can rest awhile?"

"Oh, certainly, my lord—of course—that is to say" (*sotto voce*)—"I daresay the gentleman will give it up. But the house is so full just now."

Without heeding the last two sentences, which, of course, were not meant for his ear, Carlisle assisted Beatrice from the carriage, and drawing her arm through his own, went into the house, preceded by Mrs. Hopkins, who, chattering away in her most voluble manner, led the way into a pleasant little inn parlor facing the back, the latticed windows of which looked out on a great orchard-like garden, where the fruit trees, laden with their refreshing produce, bent almost to the earth.

Uttering an exclamation of pleasure and admiration, Beatrice threw her hat upon the table, and advanced quickly to the window. Her husband followed her, saying, in a low voice, "Am I forgiven?"

"Oh, yes!" And she smiled up into his face.

He smiled, too; and, murmuring some lover-like words, turned round to give orders for luncheon to the landlady; when Alphonse made his appearance with information that a slight accident had occurred to one of the wheels of the carriage, which would necessitate a short delay; but the blacksmith will be here directly, and your Grace may rely upon my best exertions to prevent any time being lost," he said, bowing low.

An impatient exclamation burst from the Duke's lips at this unwelcome news; and he was about to use some very strong and unjust language, when Beatrice interposed gently, saying, "Cannot we save the time by dining here, instead of at Dover? And it will be pleasant to rest during the heat of the day."

"Yes; and you will do that while we lunch. We shall dine on board the packet, for we have not an hour to spare. Confound the whole lot of you!"—turning to his valet—"why were not the wheels looked to before we left town?"

"They were. Your Grace will remember the chariot only came home from Long Acre yesterday. The foreman brought it himself; and every inch was carefully examined by the coachman in his presence."

"A pair of rascally blockheads, not fit to be trusted with a wheelbarrow!"

"Never mind; accidents will happen sometimes, however careful people are. The men must ride a little faster, and so recover the delay. Do not let it annoy you," pleaded Beatrice.

"No, my lord—your Grace—pray don't be put about. Only think what a blessing it happened where it did! Suppose the wheel had come off in a lonely road, miles off a town, you might have been left all night, and killed into the bargain!" said Mrs. Hopkins. "And now, if you'll please do as my lady says, and take a bit of dinner while the smith's at work, I'll send you up as nice a dish of fish, salmon cutlets, leg of lamb, and jelly, as ever you'd wish to sit down to."

"Well, if it must be, it must!" cried the Duke, making a violent effort to control the rage he did not desire to exhibit before his bride. "But I will go myself and see the extent of the damage, and if it must detain us long enough to eat your dainties, Mrs. Hopkins. Meanwhile, attend to the Duchess."

"You may be sure I'll do that. Now, my lady," began the hostess, as soon as the peer had left the room, "let me persuade you—lie down a bit, and take a glass of sherry and a maccaroon. When I lived with the Countess of Malhaton, she always took it when she was travelling—indeed, I don't think she could have kept up without it. She was a sweet, delicate lady—as like your ladyship as two peas."

"Thank you, I seldom drink wine; and would much rather have—"

At this moment a clear, powerful voice sounded at the door.

"Hilloa! Mrs. Hopkins—landlady—where are you? What are your people all about, that I don't get my horses? I shall not be off to-day! Mrs. Hopkins—Mrs. Hopkins, I say!"

"Coming, sir—coming!"—and she turned to go; but past her, like a winged arrow, darted the slight figure of her guest, and pushing aside the half-open door, Beatrice flung herself upon the stranger's neck, exclaiming,

"William, dear, dear William, I am so glad to see you!"

"Beatrice! Good Heaven! what is the matter? What brings you here?"

"Can't you guess? Don't you know?"

"Know! I know nothing! What is there to know?" Then, as his eye fell on the golden circle which glittered on the white hand which pressed his, he cried, "Hilloa, Bertie! you don't mean to say you are married?"

The girl's hand fell, and her eyes sank as she tried to answer playfully,

"And why not?"

"Why not? Phew!" And William Shirley uttered a shrill whistle as he eyed her cautiously from head to foot. "Well, I must say you take it coolly. I did not think a yellow tuft would have been so irresistible; but I suppose you are all alike."

"All alike—yellow tuft! William, what *do* you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing! If you like it, it's no business of mine, I suppose. But, come, sit down quietly, and tell me all about it."

"All about what?"

"Why, this marriage, and everything connected with it. When did it come off?"

"Surely you know?"

"Not I! Not a syllable!"

"How strange! I wrote to Julia, telling her all particulars."

"The deuce you did! She kept it to herself, then! *I* heard nothing except a ridiculous rumor about some superannuated judge or peer, or other equally magnificent three-tailed bashaw. You may be sure, little lady, that if I had believed there was a word of truth in the story, I should have been up in town weeks ago. But, joking apart, Beatrice, tell me, are you really married?"

The bride sighed heavily.

"Yes!" Then looking up with a shadowy smile, she continued—"I am a Duchess now, Willie! Is not that a grand title for an insignificant being like me?"

"Pshaw! The title's well enough; how is the *man*?"

"He is well enough, too, I hope."

"You hope! You don't know? You sigh, Beatrice, and look as white as ashes. What is it all about—what have you done?"

"Nothing! I have married a man who—ah, well! I cannot help it now! I did it of my own free will, too! And do not fancy I repent it! I do not—I do not!"

He looked at her questioningly, then said, with a deep breath,

"Well, you know best, I suppose."

"No, I do not know best! I was mad—wild—persuaded! Oh, Willie, I did so want a friend!"

And leaning her head upon his shoulder, she sighed as if her heart was breaking, then burst into a flood of tears.

"My dear, dear Beatrice, what on earth has happened to distress you so? Tell me all, everything, or I shall be obliged to call out this Duke What-d'ye-call-'im, and know what he has been doing with you to make you cry in this way. Hang the fellow!—What right had he to expect to buy a girl like you, body and soul, with his trumpery coronet?"

"Oh, Willie, Willie, it was not that! I did not marry for the rank!"

"Then what the——Ah, hem! I beg your pardon, Beatrice; but it's really enough to make a cherub swear! I mean, what in the world *did* you marry for?"

"I—I was so miserable—so thoroughly unhappy!"

"And so, by way of making yourself less so, you exchanged temporary for lasting misery! Well, you certainly are a queer girl! But, come! I won't scold, although I am horribly vexed and disappointed, for I always intended you for George Conyers."

A thrill of agony ran through the girl's heart at this name; but she turned away her head, and answered, with wonderful composure,

"You were always mistaken on that point, William. Mr. Conyers never cared for me, as by this time you know."

William kicked a footstool out of his way, whistled shrilly, and walked to the window.

Perfect silence reigned for a few minutes, then Beatrice said, in a low tone,

"Come here, Willie, and sit by me, and tell me what brings you here so strangely, for I have not heard that yet."

"I am going to take Isabel home."

"Have your parents, then, consented to receive her? Oh, I am so glad!"

And a ray of genuine pleasure lighted up the poor girl's pale features as she clasped her cousin's hand warmly.

"Yes. My mother was so cut up after Julia's ridiculous attempted wedding—you heard of that, I suppose, and may imagine the shock to her pride—that when I summoned courage yesterday to confess my marriage, she was by no means so irate as I expected; while as for my dear old father, he was absolutely delighted, and gave his influence on my side so strongly and decidedly, that I soon gained permission to present my wife; and starting last night to bring her, I have posted here without stopping even to sleep. And now," starting up, "that reminds me that they have kept me waiting an hour for my horses! It's a rascally shame! Here, ostler—waiter—boots! Hilloa! where are you all?"

"Stay a moment, William; I am still in the dark. Surely this is not the road to Leigh?"

"But it is to Dover."

"Dover?"

"Yes, certainly. Isabel has been down there these last six weeks for her health.—Hilloa! landlady! landlady! waiter!"

"Coming, sir; coming."

"Are the horses put to yet?"

"Beg pardon, sir; I'm here, but—but—his Grace—"

"His insolence, you mean, and yours, too. You don't mean to say you have given my horses to somebody else?"

"Indeed, it was not my fault, sir. The Duke——"

William sprang to his feet with an ill-suppressed oath, but Beatrice touched his arm gently, and whispered,

"Leave this to me;" then, turning to the man, she continued—"You say that the Duke of Carlisle has the horses, do you not?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Then go to him in my name, and say that I feel tired, and wish to rest here a while longer; and should, therefore, be greatly obliged if he would let this gentleman—my cousin—take the first relay of horses, while we wait for the second."

The man bowed and withdrew, while the young Duchess, addressing her companion with a would-be gay smile, continued,

"He cannot refuse this, my first request; so sit down quietly a few minutes, and tell me what you meant, just now, by Julia's attempted wedding?"

"Why, surely you know that?—it is the country talk. We seem strangely ignorant of each other's proceedings."

"We do, indeed."

"Yes; and I can't make out how it is, either. But as for the wedding, it was the most absurd affair! Not that I was astonished, for I told you from the first he was a bad one."

"Good heaven, William! what do you mean?"

"What I say. He is a humbug—an impostor—a *felon!* There, now the murder's out!"

"A felon! Oh, merciful fate! it cannot be!"

"It is, though. But I wonder you are so much amazed. I thought you hated him?"

"*I* hate him?"

"Certainly; you have told me so a hundred times."

"William, are you mad?"

"I hope not. Why do you ask?"

"Why? Because, if you are not, I am. A felon? a felon!"

"That is not so very surprising, is it?—though I don't think any of us supposed it was quite so bad."

"Quite so bad! Willie, Willie, am I awake or dreaming? Are you William, and am I Beatrice? Oh, speak, speak!"

"My darling, what ails you! You are surely ill."

"Yes; sick to death!—would that I were already dead! A felon! an impostor! It cannot be!"

"Indeed it is. I saw him arrested; and if it had taken place in any other house, I should have called it the richest scene I ever beheld in my life. The wedding was by special license, of course, and arranged in the drawing room, which was all rigged out fresh for the occasion; and just as the ceremony was about to begin, two police-officers entered—one through the window, to prevent escape, I suppose—and another at the door; and grasping him by the collar, said, 'Jeremiah Biddle, *alias* Orsini, I arrest you—'"

"What? what?" screamed Beatrice, rising from her seat. "What name? what?"

"Jeremiah Biddle. Not a very euphonious title, is it?"

"But—but George—George Conyers—what of him? That is not *his* name?"

"Certainly not."

"But—oh, saints above!—I thought *he* was to be Julia's husband?"

"Conyers?"

"Yes; she told me so."

"What a strange mistake! Oh, no—he will never marry. He loved you, Bertie, too well for that."

"Me? me? Oh, God of heaven, have pity on me!"

And with this wild cry, the bride threw her arms over her head, and fell forward upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Oh, jealousy!
I have turned o'er the catalogue of woes
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the Hydra of calamities—
The seven-fold death! The jealous are the damned.
Oh, jealousy! Each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports Beauty can inspire!"
—*Young.*

Greatly shocked and alarmed, William Shirley knelt by his cousin's side, and resting her head against his knee, fanned her as well as he could with an old newspaper that lay on the table; but pale, cold, and deathlike as marble, no sigh of returning animation repaid his efforts; and lifting her in his arms, he was about to place her on the sofa while he summoned further aid, when a stern, imperious voice sounded in his ear, demanding,

"What is all this about?—what are you doing with my wife, sir?"

William turned his head round, scrutinized the speaker narrowly from head to foot, understood at once who he was, and then answered gravely, as he went forward and laid the Duchess's unresisting form upon the couch—

"This lady is ill, sir, as I should think a glance would inform you. It can scarcely be your pleasure that she should be left upon the floor."

"Ill? What makes her so? She was perfectly well ten minutes since."

"*Possibly;* although it seems scarcely probable that an attack of this nature would come on suddenly, had she not been previously affected in *mind* or body."

The Duke looked uneasy, and said,

"May I inquire if you are a physician?"

"No; but thank God, if I cannot cure, I do not kill!" And boiling with rage and indignation against the man whom he believed to be in some way or other the cause of Beatrice's sad and altered looks, and whose present manner exasperated him beyond bearing, William Shirley laid an unmistakable emphasis on his words, and bending over his cousin, occupied himself in fanning her, while the Duke, puzzled and angry at the whole affair, answered haughtily, "Your words have a meaning!"

"My lord—if, as I suppose, I speak to the Duke of Carlisle—there is an old adage: 'If the cap fits, wear it.'"

"You are insolent. By the skies above us, I feel strangely tempted to kick you from the room!"

"What, with your wife's senseless body lying between us? Come, sir, this sparring is worse than absurd: we can settle our differences another time. Let them rest for awhile, and oblige me by ringing that bell for attendance and remedies."

"Ring the bell at your bidding! By my life, this passes endurance! Who, pray, are you, that I should be at your orders?" said Carlisle, angrily.

William turned suddenly upon his questioner, and said bitterly, his eyes flashing with contempt, "Who am I, do you say? Who am I? This lady's cousin; her sole defender and protector, as it seems: and to my thinking, it had been well for her if she had never abandoned my care, or exchanged the shelter of my father's roof, for the tender mercies of my Lord of Carlisle."

The listener grew livid white with passion, and hissed out between his teeth, "So, so, sir! I will have satisfaction for this!"

"With all my heart; and if it chimes with your humor to shoot your unhappy wife's nearest relative on your wedding-day, far be it from me to deprive you of the pleasure."

"This is intolerable! You must be, mad, sir! Nothing on earth else can explain or excuse your conduct! Leave the room instantly! You shall hear from me!"

But William did not move, and the Duke thundered out, "Did you hear me, sir?"

Mr. Shirley bowed.

"Then why do you not obey me? Leave the room at once."

"And my cousin in this state?"

"Yes! What can you do for her?—and in whose charge can she be more fitly left than in her husband's?"

"Any one's, I think, for up to the present moment, you have chosen a strange mode of displaying the care and affection one usually expects from such a relationship as you claim. It is not every man who is so superior to natural ties and sympathies as to be able to arrange a duel over his bride's inanimate body!"

"Perdition, sir! do you wish to goad me into shooting you where you stand?"

"That would be murder."

"Murder!—who talks of murder in my house?" exclaimed portly Mrs. Hopkins, entering at this moment. "But dear heart alive! What's this? The lady ill—dying?"

"Don't be ridiculous, my good woman, but get a glass of water, and hold your tongue, if it is possible. There is nothing to make a fuss about; it is only a fainting fit!"

"Only a fainting fit! And what need be worse, lying in it, as she does, like an angel on a tombstone? Only a fainting fit! Good patience alive! whatever will the men come to? and she only married this very morning! Poor, dear lamb! poor, sweet, innocent young creature! No wonder she's ill, with such a prospect before her! And look! if she hasn't been a crying! Here's the tears on her poor white cheeks now! Oh, sir—my lord, I wouldn't be you, to be all the Dukes in the land, and a King into the bargain!"

And fired with virtuous indignation, Mrs. Hopkins, who had overheard the dialogue between the Duke and William, and put her own interpretation upon it, rushed into an adjoining chamber, and brought thence a bottle of salts, and jug of water.

Pushing her way forward with the authority which women always assume in such cases, the landlady knelt with her restoratives before the Duchess; and while she applied them, and muttered angry sentences of pity and reprobation, the bridegroom looked on in dismay, puzzled to know how he had thus suddenly become an object of horror and contempt to everybody round him.

To a certain extent, his conscience accused him. He knew that he had neither been as considerate nor as courteous that day as he ought to have been, and had pressed on his marriage with selfish haste, utterly mindless of the feelings and wishes of his bride; but of all active part in her illness he knew himself to be innocent. And although, indignant at the unjust censure heaped upon him, he held, at first, aloof from the cause, yet, as he saw all the usual remedies applied, one after another, in vain, he grew really uneasy and anxious, and bending down, lifted one of his wife's cold hands, and chafed it tenderly.

But the landlady's wrath was unappeasable.

"Ay, ay," she muttered, flourishing about a bunch of unsavory burnt feathers under her patient's nose, and sprinkling her pale brow with water—"you're sorry enough now the mischief's done, I daresay. Most folks are; but it won't do. She's a broken-hearted lamb, as any one as is used to such, can see at a glance, and ain't to be brought round and comforted by rubbing her hands a bit!"

"Do be silent," said Carlisle, irritated beyond measure by the constant buzz of Mrs. Hopkins's voice, although he could not distinguish a word she was saying. "This perpetual talking can do no good, and may do harm; especially as we have no clue to the exciting cause of the attack."

What more he would have said, or what extremities Mrs. Hopkins's impertinence might have driven him to, there is no telling; but happily for all parties, Beatrice at this moment began to show symptoms of returning consciousness; and in close attendance upon her, peace and silence were, for a time at least, restored.

Poor, hapless girl—bride of a few hours—how terrible to her was the reawakening to life, when, opening her eyes, she looked from her cousin's pitying glance to the stern features of her husband; and the terrible realities of the morning, with all the fatal truths she had heard, flashed back with full force upon her mind.

For a minute, she gazed miserably into William's face, as if hoping to read comfort there; then finding none, she groaned deeply, and turning away, closed her eyes once more. Then Carlisle, bending over his wife, said,

"Beatrice, sweet one, what is the matter? what has caused this illness?"

He would have kissed her, but at the first touch of his lips the Duchess shuddered, and pushed him feebly away.

It was a strengthless push, yet all-sufficient for the purpose: not the blow of a giant hand could have more effectually sent him from her side; and drawing haughtily apart with folded arms, a cloud, dark as night, gathered on his brow.

Mrs. Hopkins was about to interfere still further, but ere she could accomplish more than the first sentence of her harangue, the sound of a carriage driving up to the door, and the ring of the ostler's bell, gave a new turn to her thoughts; and with an emphatic injunction to be sent for in case her services were needed, she hurried from the room.

Then, when the last sound of her retreating footsteps died away, Carlisle turned to William, who stood leaning against the window, gazing sadly upon the ground, and said in the most freezing manner,

"And now, sir, since you see that the Duchess is fast regaining the satisfactory state of health which she enjoyed before her very singular and mysterious interview with you this afternoon—"

"Hold, sir," interrupted Mr. Shirley, sternly; "I cannot suffer you to use such language with reference to my cousin and myself, and the accidental meeting here between us, from which you appear to draw such false and insulting conclusions. For myself, I shall know how to obtain satisfaction, and until the proper time for doing so arrives, can well endure the weight of your displeasure; but for her sake, who has so rashly placed her happiness in the hands of one who, within four hours of his marriage, can treat and doubt her thus, I will inform you of what the servants in the house and stable-yard can prove, if you condescend to ask them. Last night I left Shirley Court at nine o'clock; and on my way to Dover, where I am going to join my wife, in order to take her to my mother, I stopped here to change horses. Some little delay occurred—on account of your relays, as I now find—and this room was assigned to me.—During my temporary absence from it, you arrived, and the Duchess was conducted hither; and when, ignorant of this, I returned, I met her. We were both as glad to see each other as we ever have, and I hope ever shall be; and when the first surprise and explanation was over, my cousin asked me various questions of home, and home friends, which I answered. As we talked, I observed that the sad and weary look upon her countenance, which had struck me at first, returned; and after a very few minutes' conversation, she suddenly uttered a sharp cry, as of pain, and fell insensible to the floor, from which I was about to raise her when you entered. You know the rest."

William ceased, and the Duke, who never removed his eyes from his face while the young man spoke, now said slowly,

"It is strange, sir, that if this statement be true, it was not made in reply to my first inquiry, instead of the violent language with which you greeted me when I entered the room, and found my wife in your arms!"

"Would you have preferred finding her at my feet?"

"You are a stranger to me."

"And long may I remain so—especially if it best accords with your idea of honor and manhood, to leave women, who may not have the honor of your acquaintance, to suffer unaided."

Exasperated by this unjust sarcasm—for I do not think that William, in the Duke's place, would have liked any better than he did, to find Isabel in the arms of an unknown—Carlisle was about to make a fiery retort, when his intention was unexpectedly frustrated.

Pale as a spectre, Beatrice had arisen from the sofa, and now, advancing step by step, laid one hand on her cousin, the other on her husband's shoulder, saying in low, tremulous tones,

"Friends, my nearest, an—and my dearest, do not meet and part thus in anger. Oh, think how sad a fate will be mine, if for my sake dissension should rise up between you; and in mercy to me, whom you both profess to love, judge more justly and kindly of each other! William, give me your hand! Lionel—husband—"

Her strength and voice failed, and she would have sank again upon the ground, if Mr. Shirley had not caught her, and with a heavy, foreboding heart, laid her once more upon the couch.

For a moment, the poor girl's eyes remained closed; then opening them, she looked wistfully from one to the other with a glance of such anxious, mournful entreaty, as William, at least, could not resist; and stretching forth his hand frankly to the peer, he said,

"For *her* sake, let us be friends."

Carlisle hesitated, then laid the tips of his fingers coldly upon the offered palm.

Beatrice saw the hesitation, and her husband's doubtful, dissatisfied manner, and rousing herself bravely, she bent forward, and with her pale lips faintly syllabled the words,

"Lionel, it is my first request. For my sake, if you *do* love me, part in peace!"

Moved by the same impulse, the two men made each a step towards the other, and shook hands heartily and at once; but when, five minutes' after, William bent down to bid the bride adieu, he found that she had relapsed into insensibility, in which state she continued, except at short intervals, during the entire day, scarcely recognizing or speaking to any one.

Towards nightfall, however, she rallied, and by noon the next day was able to recommence her journey.

But during all the hours of that long, silent night, the mind of the sufferer knew no rest.

Once, and over again, with terrible distinctness, she recalled the statement made by William, of the exact correctness of which she could not entertain a moment's doubt.

George was true, and had been so all along; while she—oh, mercy! mercy!—was wedded to another—cut off by her own act from him and happiness forever! Yes, agonizing as the thought was, she felt now that it was herself—her own too ready belief in Julia's story—too little faith in him—which had placed an eternal barrier between them, such as nothing but the grave could remove. And as this last only hope of escape and freedom presented itself to her, her soul sickened and shrank from the fiend's whisper which suggested it.

Death!—her husband's death! No—no; she would not, ought not even to think of it as a release. Better she should die now in her sinless youth, or linger on a dreary, hopeless existence for years, than cherish for one hour the desire for another's death, which, guilty in itself, might end in horrors tenfold greater than anything she had yet experienced, or than any earthly suffering could ever bring.

No, sad as was her fate, it must be borne, and dutifully. If joy and happiness were gone, truth and honor were left; and these should be preserved at any cost. From this night she would banish the remembrance of her love forever; and if she could not give her heart to her husband, at least he should have unsullied faith, unswerving loyalty, and the best powers of her mind: these must, and would satisfy him. He would have no right to complain of her want of love, for she had never professed any; but in every other part of a wife's duty she vowed to the pitying angels who watched her agony, that she would never fail.

The sternest, harshest command she would willing, honestly perform, as some sort of compensation for the wrong she had done her lord in giving to him the semblance of a heart which itself had long since passed out of her own keeping. And thinking thus, it seemed to her as if it would be an absolute comfort to do something exceeding terrible and difficult to prove to her own soul how faithful she could be.

So Beatrice, in her merciless self-judgment, traced out for herself a hard and hopeless existence, fitted for saint or martyr of old, but which no woman, especially one so passionate, impulsive, and loving as herself, could lead, and live.

But on the very threshold of this joyless life she made one fatal step.

As yet, she had never mentioned George's name to her husband, and now she doubted whether it would be better for her to do so or not. At first, in the first ardor of self-sacrifice, she almost longed to throw herself upon her knees at his feet and confess all; and happy would it have been for her and for him if she had done so; for the Duke was not all bad, and although the "trail of the serpent" was over his soul, there was still so much of his mother nature left, as would have made him receive her confidence, not only with gratitude, but with increased trust and love, and even aid her in the difficult task of self conquest, which she must now undertake and persevere in.

But when she mused upon his strange, discourteous manner that morning, which he had half acknowledged had arisen from jealousy (though of whom she could not even guess), and his cruel suspicions of her cousin, which he had taken no pains to conceal, her heart shrank from confessing aught which, if he misunderstood, might excite doubts she could never allay; and so she resolved to hide her secret in her heart, and guard it so securely that neither Carlisle nor any one else, should ever suspect its existence.

It was a terrible mistake—one to be bitterly and fruitlessly repented of in the future, when, like many another hapless sufferer, she should mourn in sackcloth and ashes, the golden opportunity thus lost forever!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proclamation by the President.

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILITIA TO BE CALLED OUT—THE LAWS TO BE EXECUTED AND THE FORTS RETAKEN—A SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS TO ASSEMBLE ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Whereas, the laws of the United States have been for some time past, and are now, opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law,

Now, therefore, I Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth the militia of the several States of the Union to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress the said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the war department. I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort, to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our National Union and the perpetuity of the popular Government, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured.

I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth, will probably be to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union, and, in every event, the utmost care will be observed consistently with the objects aforesaid to avoid any devastation, any destruction of or interference with property or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country.

And I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. The Senators and Representatives are therefore summoned to assemble at their respective Chambers, at 12 o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the 4th of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Dated the City of Washington, this 13th day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States, the eighty fifth.

(Signed) By the President,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

☞ Lord Nelson and Mr. Pitt could never agree. It was told Nelson that Pitt said—"He was the greatest fool he ever knew when on shore." "He speaks truth," said the hero, "and I would soon prove him to be a fool if I had him on board a ship; nevertheless, I am as clever an Admiral as he is a statesman, which is saying a great deal for myself."

☞ An ingenious English inventor proposes to remedy the want of bust in ladies of "a given thinness," by a jacket, to be inflated by the wearer to the proper shape, and, as Willis would say, "plumptitude."

☞ The Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph, speaking of a house burned at the Landing, says, "it was occupied by Wm. Allen and wife, and Captain Sal. Carpenter and husband."

☞ RIPE OLD WINE.—Wine, called Valerie, two thousand years old, has been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii.

☞ When a man wants money, or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and—lets him want it.

☞ Said the late G. P. R. James, "In the sad arithmetic of years, multiply by what numbers you will, you can never produce one and twenty more than once."

☞ A country editor, speaking of spiritualism, says:—"We don't believe in any medium, except the circulating medium; and that has become so scarce that our belief in it is shaking."

☞ A Russian ship having on board 1,000 tons of coal, blew up in the British Channel, in consequence of the accumulation of gas, and then went down almost immediately, and twelve of the crew perished.

☞ The city of Venice has 2,077 rain-water cisterns, which supply all the fresh water used there.

ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER.

By telegraphic advices from Charleston, which are not to be implicitly relied upon however, Major Anderson was summoned to surrender on the 11th inst., by order of Jefferson Davis.

Gen. Beauregard received instructions as follows:—

MONTGOMERY, April 10.—Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Charleston:—If you have no doubt of the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intention of the Washington Government to supply Fort Sumter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation; if this is refused, proceed in such manner as you may determine, to reduce it. Answer.

(Signed,) L. P. WALKER,
Secretary of War.

Anderson declined as follows:—

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say in reply thereto, that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor, and of my obligation to my Government, prevent my compliance."

He added, verbally, (according to General Beauregard)—"I will await the first shot, and if you do not batter us to pieces, we will be starved in a few days."

On the 12th the cannonading and bombardment commenced, and continued all day, and at intervals through the night. Anderson did not reply through the night.

The Secessionists allege, as the result of the first day's operations, that two of Fort Sumter's guns were silenced, and a breach made in the south-east wall. Their own losses, they say, were nothing; which seems rather improbable, if Sumter's guns were well served.

At night the Pawnee, Harriet Lane, and another war steamer were off the bar, but a storm was raging, and the sea very rough, so that they could not have entered it if they wished to.

Of the nineteen batteries in position, only seven opened on Fort Sumter. The remainder were held in reserve for the expected fleet.

SECOND DAY.

According to the accounts from Charleston, the night of the 11th, Anderson was engaged in repairing the damage done to the Fort, and protecting the guns in barbette on the parapet. He commenced to return the fire in the morning at 7 o'clock, and seemed to be greatly disabled.

At 9 o'clock a dense smoke poured out of Sumter, supposed to be from the officer's quarters on fire, and afterwards two explosions were heard. The Flag of the Fort was put at half-mast, signalling distress to the fleet—and the Fort ceased to fire.

Three U. S. vessels then got over the bar, and prepared to take part in the engagement. The fire of Morris island and Moultrie being divided between the forts and the ships; while Sullivan's island, Cummings Point and Stevens's battery poured shot and shell into Sumter.

[By later accounts the vessels did not cross the bar.]

Surrender of Fort Sumter.

EXPLANATION OF THE EXPLOSIONS—THE INTERIOR A MASS OF RUINS—THE WALLS HONEY-COMBED BY SHOT—DAMAGE TO FORT MOULTRIE—THE BARRACKS IN RUINS—DWELLINGS SHATTERED.

CHARLESTON, April 13—Evening.—Hostilities have for the present ceased, and the victory belongs to South Carolina.

With the display of the flag of truce on the ramparts of Fort Sumter at half-past one o'clock, the firing ceased, and an unconditional surrender was made. The Carolinians had no idea that the fight was at an end.

So soon after the flagstaff of Major Anderson was shot away, Colonel Wigfall, the Aid of General Beauregard, at his commander's request, went to Fort Sumter with a white flag, to offer assistance in extinguishing the flames. He approached the burning fortress from Morris Island, and while the fire was raging on all sides, he effected a landing at Sumter. He approached a port-hole, and was met by Major Anderson, the commandant of the Fort. The latter said that he had just displayed a white flag, but the firing was kept up nevertheless.

Col. Wigfall replied that Major Anderson must haul down the American flag—that no parley would be granted—surrender or fight was the word.

Major Anderson then hauled down his flag, and displayed only the flag of truce. All firing instantly ceased, and two officers of Gen. Beauregard's staff—ex-Senator Chesnut and ex-Governor Manning—came over in a boat, and stipulated with Major Anderson that his surrender should be unconditional for the present, subject to the terms of Gen. Beauregard.

Major Anderson was allowed to remain with his men in actual possession of the Fort, while Messrs. Chesnut and Manning came over to the city, accompanied by a member of the Palmetto Guards, bearing the orders of his company. These were met at the pier by hundreds of citizens, and as they marched up the street to the General's quarters, the crowd was swelled to thousands. Shouts rent the air, and the wildest joy was manifested on account of the welcome tidings.

After the surrender a boat with an officer and ten men was sent from one of the four ships in the offing to Gen. Simmons, commanding on Morris Island, with the request that a merchant ship, or one of the vessels of the United States, be allowed to enter and take off the commander and garrison of Fort Sumter.

Gen. Simmons replied that if no hostilities were attempted during the night, and no effort was made to reinforce or retake Fort Sumter, he would give an answer at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning. The officer signified that he was satisfied with this, and returned to his vessel.

Your correspondent accompanied the officers of Gen. Beauregard's staff on a visit to Fort Sumter. None but the officers, however, were allowed to land. They went down on a steamer, and carried three fire engines for the purpose of putting out the flames.

The fire, however, had been previously extinguished by the exertions of Major Anderson and his men. The visitors reported that Major Anderson surrendered because his quarters and barracks were destroyed, and he had no hope of reinforcements, as the fleet lay idly by during thirty hours, and either would not or could not help him. Besides this, his men were prostrated from over exertions. There were but five of them hurt, four badly, and one, it is thought mortally; but the rest were worn out and physically incapable of continuing the fight.

The explosions that were heard and seen from the city in the morning, were caused by the bursting of loaded shells ignited by the fire which could not be removed quick enough.

The fire in the barracks was caused by the quantities of hot shot poured in from Fort Moultrie.

Within Fort Sumter everything but the casemates is in utter ruin. The whole interior looks like a blackened mass of ruins. Many of the guns are dismounted. The side opposite the iron battery at Cummings' Point is the hardest dealt with. The rifled cannon from the battery played great havoc with Fort Sumter, and the walls look like a honey-comb. Near the top is a breach as large as a cart. The side opposite Fort Moultrie is also honeycombed extensively, as is that opposite the floating battery.

Fort Moultrie is badly damaged. The officers' quarters and barracks are torn to pieces. The frame houses on the Island are riddled with shot, and in many instances the whole sides of the houses are torn out.

The fire in Fort Sumter was put out, and re-caught three times during the day.

Dr. Crawford, Major Anderson's Surgeon, is slightly wounded in the face.

It is positively asserted that none of the Carolina troops are injured.

Major Anderson and all his officers and men still remain in Fort Sumter. I approached near enough to the wall to see him bid his visitors adieu. In addition to this, conversations that were had with him were repeated to me.

A boat was sent from the Fort to-night, to officially notify the fleet that Major Anderson had surrendered.

It is not known when the Carolinians will occupy Fort Sumter, or what is to be done with the vanquished.

Every one is satisfied with the victory, and happy that no blood was shed.

In the city, after the surrender, the bells were rung and salutes fired.

[The above is from a special correspondent of the Associated Press, who reached Charleston early on Saturday, and may be relied on as entirely correct—REPORTER.]

DEPARTURE OF ANDERSON AND HIS MEN FOR NEW YORK.—THE FLEET STILL OUTSIDE.—*Charleston, April 14.*—Major Anderson and his men will leave to-night, at eleven o'clock, in the steamer Isabel, for New York.

The war fleet is still outside.

The scene when Anderson and his men took formal leave of Fort Sumter was a thrilling and impressive one.

REQUISITIONS.—New York and Pennsylvania, it is said, are each to be called on for 13,500 men. Gov. Sprague's, of R. I., offer of one thousand men, headed by himself, has been accepted. General Wilson guaranteed to the President that Massachusetts would have six thousand men ready at twelve hours' notice, to support the flag of their country. Maryland's quota will be three thousand. Ohio will furnish ten thousand. The balance has not yet been decided; but probably it will be in accordance with population.

Advices from Montgomery state that the Confederated States have made requisitions on the several States for three thousand volunteers each, excepting Florida, which is to furnish only fifteen hundred. This, with the forces in the field, would make over 30,000 men.

The seventh and seventy-first regiments of New York (1,500 men) have been called to Washington. Gen. Small, of this city, has tendered 2,000 volunteers at twelve hours' notice.

FEELING THROUGH THE COUNTRY.—The feeling all through the Northern and Middle States, with the exception, perhaps, of New York city, is very strong and united to support the Government. The loss of Fort Sumter is felt as a national disgrace. At Baltimore the Union feeling seems to be greatly in the ascendant—the stars and stripes being everywhere displayed, and secession cockades proscribed. Meetings have been held at Easton, Lancaster, Detroit, &c., and men and money tendered.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S DEFENCE.—It has been proved that the forces of Major Anderson were entirely inadequate to effectually work the guns, and attend to the incidental requirements. It is not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, that Fort Sumter surrendered.

The men were on duty thirty-six hours, with balls or shells striking the casemates and guns of the Fort constantly. Competent military men state that the intense vibration or shock produced on the brain and nervous system of those in the vicinity is terribly exhausting.

At the siege of Sevastopol the men who worked the guns were relieved every twenty minutes, and groomed with whiskey and flannel to enable them to endure the concussion produced by the firing of their own guns and the shock of the enemy's balls and shells striking the fortification. The fearful hardships which Major Anderson's small band underwent, during the awful day and night of Friday last, may well have driven Capt. Doubleday insane, as a reporter telegraphs. Although a report that he has been "put in irons" is probably exaggerated.

DOUGLAS.—Senator Douglas called on the President on Saturday night, and said he was prepared to sustain the President in the exercise of all his Constitutional functions, to preserve the Union, maintain the Government, and defend the Federal Capitol. A firm policy and prompt action was necessary. The Capitol of our country was in danger, and must be defended at all hazards, and at any expense of men and money. President Lincoln was very much gratified.

REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS.—MONTGOMERY, April 13.—Fort Pickens was reinforced last night. It is understood that Charleston is to be blockaded.

W. Porcher Miles telegraphs to Mrs. Doubleday here, that the report of her husband's insanity is without foundation. It is believed at Washington that he refused to obey Major Anderson's command to surrender, and was consequently placed in irons.

Col. Wigfall received the sword surrendered by Anderson, and then complimented his bravery by returning it to him.

CHARLESTON, April 15th.—The Federal fleet is still in sight, off Charleston.

WASHINGTON, April 15th.—It is not yet decided to put this city under martial law, but it is probable that it will be done at noon, to-morrow.

Southern advices received here state that General Beauregard has been ordered to Pensacola to take command of the Secession forces there.

The Philadelphia banks have tendered to Gov. Curtin all the money the State may need. Pittsburg has followed suit.

The Legislature of New York on the 15th, passed a bill appropriating $3,000,000 to equip thirty thousand volunteers, in addition to the present State force, and Governor Morgan has issued his proclamation accordingly.

It is said that 30,000 men can be relied on from Indiana.

The Union feeling is strong in Delaware.

On Monday, in Philadelphia, an excited crowd passed through the streets and demanded a display of the stars and stripes from all the newspaper offices. The masses of this city have been very much excited by the attack on Sumter.

The Minute Men of Baltimore, said to be 2,500 strong, have thrown out the stars and stripes from their head-quarters, with the motto appended—"The Union and the Constitution."

☞ GOOD FARMING.—A capital definition was given by a Mr. Kane, at an agricultural discussion in England. He said he fed his land before it was hungry; rested it before it was weary; and weeded it before it was foul.

The Fort Sumter Question.

The following special despatch from Washington to the *Baltimore American*, probably gives the correct version of the course of the government relative to the Fort Sumter question, during the last month:—

"The difficulty that has arisen with regard to the proposed evacuation of Fort Sumter, and the present position of affairs are, as near as can be ascertained, as follows:—

"Nearly four weeks since the President and Cabinet, on the representation of Gen. Scott, decided to evacuate Fort Sumter as a military necessity—that is to say, the reinforcing and provisioning of it was not deemed essential, in view of the cost of blood and treasure it would require to accomplish the purpose. This decision of the President was communicated to Major Anderson by a special messenger, with instructions to open negotiations with the military authorities at Charleston to carry the project into execution.

"These negotiations have been progressing ever since, and the numerous messengers that have been passing between Charleston and Washington have communicated to Major Anderson the instructions of the Government, and to the President the demands of the authorities of the Southern Confederacy. It is understood that Major Anderson refused, under instructions, an unconditional surrender of the fortress to the Confederacy, but proposed to abandon it with its garrison, leaving the Fort in possession of a corporal and two privates, to protect the property of the Government, and leave it thus to await future events. He is also understood to have demanded of General Beauregard that a pledge should be given him that no attempt should be made to take possession of it after the evacuation of the garrison, and that the officer left in charge should not be molested, or his possession as the nominal representative of the Government interfered with.

"This proposition did not meet the views of General Beauregard, who demanded that the flag of the United States should be saluted and lowered, as was done at the Pensacola Navy Yard, and that a formal surrender of the Fort should be made by the Government of the United States to the Government of the Southern Confederacy, and the Confederacy flag of seven stars raised on the flagstaff and saluted.

"This demand, which would be a virtual recognition by the President and Major Anderson of the existence of a Southern Confederacy, was firmly refused, and the decision of Major Anderson was subsequently sustained and approved by the President and his Cabinet. Thus matters stood up to the commencement of last week, when General Beauregard intimated to Major Anderson that, if the demand of the Confederacy was not complied with, an order would be immediately issued to cut off all further communication between the Fort and Charleston, and that his regular supplies of marketing would be stopped. This fact was brought to Washington by Col. Lamon, as the ultimatum of the Confederacy. A Cabinet meeting was then called, and it is said that the refusal to make formal surrender of the Fort and the lowering of the flag was unanimously reaffirmed.

"Immediately after this decision orders were given for the military and naval preparations that have since occasioned so much excitement, the object being to use them if necessary in relieving the garrison of Major Anderson from threatened starvation, and maintaining the dignity of the Government and the honor of the flag in Charleston harbor; or if not required there, to despatch the expedition to Texas to maintain the treaty stipulations of the Government on the frontier, and drive back the Indians and Mexicans who are threatening to invade the State.

"In the meantime Lieutenant Talbot was despatched by Major Anderson to Washington with further information as to the condition of affairs, in which rumor says that Major Anderson urged the Government not to allow the flag which he had so long maintained in the face of besiegers to be humbled as they required—and to compel the gallant men who had stood so nobly by him, including the mechanics who could have left him if they had desired, to witness the humiliating sight of any flag but that of their country, floating from its battlements.

"This despatch, the last from Major Anderson, was received on Friday evening last, when orders were sent to New York to hurry off the expedition at the earliest possible moment, and its destination fixed for Sumter. In the meantime information was received at Washington that General Beauregard had notified Major Anderson that he would be allowed to receive no further supplies, or hold any communication with Charleston. On receiving this information the President despatched Lieutenant Talbot to Charleston with instructions to Major Anderson to notify the Confederate authorities that the Government proposed immediately to despatch an unarmed vessel with food for the garrison at Fort Sumter; and that he was instructed, if the vessel should be fired upon, to return the fire from Fort Sumter. Mr. Chew, of the State Department, was also sent on the evening of the same day to Charleston, to informally communicate with the authorities, and inform them what was the decision and purpose of the Government, in case Lieutenant Talbot was refused access to Major Anderson. They were both denied the opportunity of communicating with Fort Sumter, and are expected to arrive here to-night.

"The expedition from New York was accordingly ordered to rendezvous off the Charleston Bar, where, if the rough weather has not interfered with them, they will probably reach to morrow. Commander Porter, a son of Commodore Porter, in command of the Powhatan, has full charge of the naval expedition, and has instructions from the President and General Scott as to the course he shall pursue. The military portion of the expedition, and the forces when landed, will be under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Harvey Brown, who has been stationed for two years past at Old Point Comfort—a most gallant and discreet officer.

"There will be, it is said, no precipitate act calculated to bring about a collision, but an effort will be first made to induce General Beauregard to allow the unarmed vessel to proceed to Sumter, and land her cargo of provisions. If this is refused, she will start in without obtaining permission, and if fired upon by the shore batteries, Major Anderson will respond from Sumter, and the forces will be landed from the steamers, and the batteries attacked in the rear.

"The above is a summary of the programme of affairs, as obtained from those most likely to be well informed, amid the mass of rumors that are afloat at the capital."

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.—The regular troops are stationed at the outskirts of the city, while the 500 volunteers guard the armories and public buildings.

PITTING OF SMALL POX.—A friend who has been a sufferer from the disease of small pox, informs us that if when the pustules begin to appear, they are anointed with sweet oil and lime water, as these are generally prepared for application to burns or water scalds, it will operate to prevent or allay all irritation, and hinder the discoloration of the cuticle and the pitting which are so often the accompaniment of this fearful disorder.

NEWS ITEMS.

Effect of an Anxiety About College Honors.—A young gentleman graduated at Yale College recently, with a white head and whiskers, who entered with auburn locks and no beard. The change took place in one night, on account of the anxiety incident to a biennial examination.

Interesting to Pretty Brunettes.—*Charming New Color for Dresses.*—The fashion editress of the Sunday Mercury issues the following pleasing announcement for dark eyed belles: "The Garibaldi has just made its *debut* in Paris. It is an exquisite tint—something of the tawny-orange, verging on a pink-salmon—ofttimes seen on the carnation lip of the sea-shell. Dark-eyed, brilliant brunettes may congratulate themselves—this color, of all others, being most becoming to their style. They have been made hideous long enough by those two trying ordeals, Solferino and Magenta; therefore, brunettes may now promise themselves the felicity of not only looking divine, but being *a la mode.*"

Vandalism.—Some miscreant, in Cleveland, hurled a stone at the statue of Perry, breaking the sword he holds in his hand.—The mischief is almost irreparable, as the statue, sword, and all, are cut out of one solid block of marble.

A child was recently born in Hempfield, Pa., having but one eye, and that situated in the centre of the forehead. There was no nose, nor any appearance of nasal bones. The mouth was well formed, and where it should be. The ears were imperfectly formed, and situated on the cheek bones. The rest of the body well formed.

In New Brunswick the snow is seven feet deep on a level, and 12 to 15 feet deep in the streets of St. John. Pretty well for a March snow.

The Mechanical Bakeries in this city and Boston are failures.

The importations at New York under the first two weeks of the new Tariff were in excess of the corresponding weeks last year The New Yorkers seem to have hollowed before they were hurt.

The rumor of the resignation of Captain Mercer, of the Powhattan, is altogether unfounded. Capt. Mercer has simply been detached from the vessel he lately commanded by the Secretary of War for service elsewhere.

A sugar-grower of Louisiana has discovered that when the juice of the sugar-cane is exposed in shallow troughs to the action of the sun's rays, the whole becomes crystalized, without leaving any molasses. East India sugar, if dissolved in water, and afterwards reboiled, leaves a considerable quantity of molasses in crystalizing. These facts go to prove that molasses is crystalizable.

The Romans now salute each other on meeting, with the common-place remark—"*Non Piove*"—it does not rain. It is to be read, "*Non Pio, V. E.*"—not Pius (but) Victor Emmanuel.

Various Banks in the secession States are said to have large amounts of money deposited in New York. The Bank of Mobile has about $1,250,000. It is supposed they are afraid of forced loans.

Governor Sprague, the recently elected Democratic Governor of Rhode Island, has tendered to the Government the service of the Marine Artillery and 1,000 infantry, and offers to accompany them himself.

The act for the organizing and arming the militia of this State, and appropriating $500,000 for the purpose, passed on the 11th, and was signed by the Governor. It passed by a strict party vote—one Democrat (Smith, of Philada.,) altering his vote to the affirmative when news came of the attack on Fort Sumter.

The Secretary of the Treasury has given notice that in consequence of the existing state of affairs in the seceding ports, no entries for transportation in bond will be allowed in those ports until further notice.

The Treasury Notes offered by the Secretary of the Treasury have been taken above par. Mr. Chase has thus saved $350,000 to the Government by refusing to take the money which was offered at less than 94.

MIRES AND THE DOCTORS.

One of the stories current about the early career of Mires, the exploded French banker, indicates the germ of that shrewdness which was afterwards developed into almost diplomatic art. The great financier ten years ago was nearly penniless, and lived in Lyons. He managed, however, to get the control of a newspaper (the number of scamps who have been connected with journalism is frightful to contemplate), and forthwith devised an original scheme to bring himself and his paper into importance. He published daily a list of all the deaths in Lyons, and appended in each instance the name of the physician who attended the unlucky patient. Of course the Sangrados were alarmed; for once the doctors agreed; it would never do to tolerate this sort of thing. They went to Mires, and endeavored to prevent the publication that distressed them; but Mires was profoundly impressed with the importance to the community of just such a publication. The people ought to know which physicians were unsuccessful practitioners. The doctors implored, but Mires was inexorable. They offered money, but he was incorruptible. 'Tis true, he was willing to sell out his newspaper; but the doctors could not afford to buy it! so the publication continued, and the blood letters suffered; the town laughed, and the medical fraternity found its gains diminish along with its reputation. They went again to the horrid Jew editor. Would nothing move him? "Can no prayers pierce thee?" But, like his co-religionist, Shylock, he answered, "None that you have wit enough to make." They proposed larger bribes, but still in vain. He would only sell his paper; and finally, rather than lose their practice, the knights of the lancet were obliged to raise a fund of fifty thousand francs and buy the newspaper that persisted in publishing such odious information. With this fifty thousand francs, so iniquitously obtained, Mires went to Paris to seek his fortune. Can any doctor wonder that his career is terminated in a dungeon?

Sensible Ladies.—Sleeping under the lee of a sleigh, in the midst of a snow-storm, was a few weeks ago related of a man in northern New York. Here is an instance more than parallel, the softer sex being the parties involved. The Portland Advertiser gives an account of the adventures of a couple of ladies, who started in a sleigh, not many days ago, to come to that city. Overtaken by the storm, they soon became bewildered by the blinding snow, lost their way, and the disagreeable and dangerous alternative of passing a night on the road became apparent. Fortunately they had with them a feather bed and a considerable quantity of bed clothing. Covering their horse well with blankets, they hitched him to the sleigh; then lifting out the bed, they arrayed their couch on the snow, tipped the sleigh bottom side up, went to bed and slept soundly and comfortably. In the morning they righted things, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in getting to comfortable quarters. There's a couple of sensible women for you!

☞ **Rain Fall.**—With an average annual rainfall of thirty-one inches, the quantity of water thrown down upon each acre of ground is nearly *three thousand tons.*

The Dismemberment of Austria.—We learn from a private letter by the Persia, from Vienna, that war, which seems inevitable in this country, will also speedily exist in Europe. The Poles refuse to be comforted with the halting concessions made to them. The Hungarians, excited by the affairs of Italy, are determined to follow the example of the Italians, and achieve a like success. But this is not all. The lethargic Bohemians are also aroused, and are preparing for an early revolt. Indeed, there seems to be every prospect that by the first of June the rebellion of the Poles, the Hungarians and the Bohemians, will be in active progress. The Venetians will not be behindhand.—*New York Post.*

The Army and Navy Resignations.—Of the eleven hundred and ten officers whose names are on the Army Register, the number of resignations to this date is eighty-six.

Of eight hundred and six commissioned officers, thirty-three have resigned from all causes since the 1st of January, to which should be added four lieutenants who resigned in December, from their sympathy with secession.

Of the seventy-six commissioned officers of the Navy *from the seceded States* on the 1st of January, fifty remain in the service

☞ **Jeanne D'Arc.**—It is generally supposed that this means Jeanne of Arc, but Michelet, who is unquestionable authority, declares Darc her family name, and not the name of the village in which she was born.

☞ What fellows the English are? They were fighting the Kaffirs in South Africa, the Chinese at Pekin, the cannibals at Madagascar, and controlling the trade of East Africa, while looking after the source of the Nile. Their merchants don't get the "fever and ague" at every little "skrimmage."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been steady but quiet. The sales for export reach about 6000 bbls mostly taken early in the week, at $5,25@5,50 for common mixed and good straight superfine; $5,62½@5,87½ for extras, and $6@6,12½ for family, including 1500 bbls Western extra and 2000 bbls Ohio fancy family on terms kept private. The trade have been buying to a moderate extent within the above range of prices for superfine, extra and extra family, and from $6,25 up to $7,25 ⅌ bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye flour continues dull, with a small business to note at $3,37½@3,62½, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Pennsylvania meal is offered at $2,81¼ ⅌ bbl.

GRAIN—There is a good demand for Wheat for shipment, with sales of about 45,000 bus to notice at $1,30@1,34 for fair to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, mostly at $1,32 for good Pennsylvania, afloat, including fair to prime Southern do at $1,33@1,36, and Pennsylvania and Western white at from $1,37 to $1,45, as in quality; strictly prime lots are scarce and wanted at much higher figures. Rye has been arriving and selling slowly at 68c for Pennsylvania. Corn is active and firm, with further sales of 37,000 bus, mostly prime dry new Southern yellow at 62c, afloat, including lots in cars and from store at 60@60½c, and some at 63c, delivered; damp lots are unsaleable, except at much lower figures. Oats are rather better, and 28,000 bus sold, chiefly at 33@33½c for prime Pennsylvania, in store, including Southern at 31@32c, as in quality. Barley and Malt are quiet, and prices about the same.

PROVISIONS are held with more firmness, but the demand for most kinds is limited, and Mess Pork selling in lots as wanted at $17¼ ⅌ bbl. Beef is steady at $12@14 for City Mess.—Bacon moves off slowly at 11@12½c for plain and fancy Hams, 10c for Sides, and 8c for Shoulders. In Green Meats we hear of moderate sales, and quote Hams in salt and pickle at 8½@9½c. Sides 8⅝@9c, and Shoulders 6¾@7c, usual terms. Lard is more active at 9⅞@10¼c, for tcs and bbls, and 11@11¼c for kegs, cash and time; about 800 pkgs of the former sold, and our highest figures are now refused for prime. Butter continues in fair request, prime Roll selling at 14@15c, and Packed at 9½@10c ⅌ ℔. Cheese is steady at 9½@10½c ⅌ ℔, and Eggs at 12c ⅌ dozen.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks of this staple continue very light. The week's sales have been limited to some 700 bales, taken in small lots, within the range of 10½ to 13½@14½c for ordinary to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and 4 mos.

ASHES are firmer, with rather more doing in the way of sales.

BARK—There is not much inquiry, and about 50 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron have been disposed of at $25½@26, the latter for a better brand; the receipts are moderate and the market steady. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is wanted, and sales of good yellow are reported at 32@32½c ⅌ ℔.

COAL—Orders are beginning to come in more freely, and prices as yet are somewhat unsettled.

COFFEE is wanted at fully former rates, and the reduced state of the stock limits operations; sales comprise about 1800 bags, in small lots, at 11½@14c for Rio, 14¼@14⅝c for Laguayra, and 12⅝c for St Domingo, all on time.

COPPER continues dull and unsettled, and both Sheathing and Yellow Metal nearly nominal at quotations. A sale of 3000 sheets of the latter, however, is reported at 19c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue dull, and good Western move off slowly at 43@46c ⅌ ℔, as to lots.

FRUIT is dull and neglected; sales of Apples and Peaches are reported at 2½@3c for the former, and 4@4½c for the latter for unpared. An import of African Pea Nuts sold at 85c.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 18@25c for new crop Eastern and Western. The stock is moderate, and old Hops very dull.

IRON—The market is inactive, the firmness of holders generally limiting operations to a few small lots Anthracite at $22 for No 1, and $21 for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is also quiet, and held at $25,50 on time. No change in Blooms, and the sales limited. Bars and Rails steady, with moderate sales.

LEAD is firm, and a sale of 500 pigs Galena was made at $5,60 the 100 ℔s, cash.

LUMBER—Trade opens slowly, and we are advised of further sales of White Pine shipping Boards at $13; Yellow Sap Boards sell at $13@14, and Hemlock Raft Lumber at $6,50@7 ⅌ M.

MOLASSES continues dull, with sales of Cuba in lots at 18@21c, as in quality, on the usual credit; 50 hhds Sagua sold by auction at 17½@18c, 4 mos; and 300 bbls New Orleans, to arrive from another market, at 33@35c, on time.

PLASTER is dull, but further sales of Soft are reported at $2,87½@3 ⅌ ton.

RICE—The stock is reduced, and about 250 casks have been disposed of at 3⅞@4¼c ⅌ ℔, cash and 4 mos, the latter for prime, which is scarce.

SEEDS—There has been more activity in Cloverseed, and about 1500 bus found buyers, mostly in small lots, at $4,50@5 ⅌ bus for fair to prime quality. Timothy is lower, with sales of 500 bus, at $2,50@2,75 ⅌ bus, as in quality, chiefly at $2,62½. Flaxseed comes in slowly, and commands $1,50 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin move off slowly, and command full prices. A cargo of the former has just arrived, most of which was previously disposed of. N E Rum sells as wanted at 30@32c. Whiskey is dull, Pennsylvania bbls selling at 17½c; Western do 17½@18c, the latter for prime Ohio; Drudge 16½c, and hhds at 17c.

SUGARS have ruled steady but very inactive, with light receipts and stocks to operate in. Sales of 400 hhds, mostly New Orleans, are reported at from 4¾ to 6⅛c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is unchanged; city rendered is selling at 9½@9¾c, Western at 9½c, and country at 8½c; the demand is less active.

TOBACCO is rather more active, without any changes to note in either Leaf or manufactured.

WOOL is quiet, and prices irregular, buyers generally taking hold only to supply their immediate wants; the week's sales reach about 80,000 ℔s, mostly in small lots, within the range of quotations, including some No 1 pulled at 27½c; fine fleece at 50c net, and 15,000 ℔s California, on terms kept private.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
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HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1126 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 9½c ⅌ ℔. 50 Cows brought from $15 to 25 ⅌ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from $4½ to 5½ ⅌ cwt, gross weight. 820 Hogs sold at $7 to 8 ⅌ cwt. net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 13.—FLOUR heavy; 5500 bbls sold at $5,15@5,25 for State, $5,60@5,65 for Ohio, and $5,30@5,60 for Southern. Wheat dull, but nominally unchanged. Corn steady but quiet; sales of 20,000 bus at 68c for mixed, 61½c for new. Whiskey firm at 18½c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Baltimore, April 3d, by the Rev. Thomas Rickey, George W. Hobson, to Henrietta M. Schroeder, daughter of the late Wm. Schroeder, Esq of Baltimore.

April 4, at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in the city of New York, by the Rev. M. Driscoll, S. J., Joseph A. Donohoe, of San Francisco, to Emilie, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Blain, of the former place.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. Thomas Evans, to Miss Ellen Jones, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by Friends' ceremony, J. Levis Pancoast, of Springfield, Del. county, to Elmira Leech, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Anthony M. W. Coleman, to Miss Anna M. Acks, both of this city.

April 7th, 1861, by the Rev. Isaac Gray, Mr. James A. Wrigley, to Miss Mary Greenhalgh, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. Henry Shoemaker, to Miss Avalinda Stockton, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 8th instant, Thomas H. Brown, in his 29th year.

On Wednesday, the 10th instant, Mrs. Harriet Carroll, widow of the late Chas. Carroll, Esq. of Maryland, and daughter of the late Hon. Benj. Chew, in her 86th year.

On the 9th instant, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Jas. Lesley, Jr., Annie, youngest daughter of the late Judge Thomson, of Chambersburg.

Suddenly, on the 5th instant, William A. Christman, in his 37th year.

On the 4th instant, William H. C. Riggs, in his 66th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr, wife of Saml. Carr, Sr. in her 62d year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Henry Cantvell, in her 28th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Dayton, in her 83d year.

On the 6th instant, Anna Ward, wife of Chas. W. De Beust, in her 43d year.

On the 6th instant, Mary, wife of Jeremiah Green, in her 24th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	97	—
" " new	103½	—
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	—	65
" coupon	—	—
Al'gy City 6 pr ct,	65	
" County	40	-
Penn 6 pr ct,	—	102½
" 5 "	—	87½
Tenn 6 "	69	—
" 5 coupon	-	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	105	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	80½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State pr ct	92	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch' Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	68	—
imp, 6 pr ct	75	80
stock	8	—
preferred	—	17
Lehigh Nav stock	48	52
mort 6 pr ct	101	101½
scrip	84½	—
Morris Consol'd	49	51½
preferred	109	110
Ches & Del	—	—
bonds	—	75
Union	—	—
bonds	14	—
Sus & Tidewater	20	—
bonds, 1878	37	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	99½	100
2nd "	84	87
stock	39½	—
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	9	—
stock	115½	116
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	84½	—
mort 6's '44	92	—
" '86	74½	75
stock	17⅞	18
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	37½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	—	94
Elmira		
7's 1st mort	66	—
2nd "	53	24
stock	12½	—
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	61
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	—
6 pr ct loan	66	67
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	49	50
6 pr ct loan	98	—
Erie R R stock	—	72
Hudson River R R	34	—
N Y Central	77½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, April 13, 1861.

Alabama	10 dis.	Missouri	6 dis.
Canada	½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to ½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	10 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	10 dis.	North Carolina	10 dis.
Indiana	1 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	7 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	5 dis.	South Carolina	10 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	6 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	8 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	10 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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THE CHILD'S FIRST MUSIC BOOK.—An Introduction to the Art of Playing the Piano Forte. By J. T. Craven. A new and improved edition of this popular and instructive work, containing lessons, simple, and of easy comprehension, with short and pleasing Exercises, especially adapted to the use of young children. Sent, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 50 cts., by
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It has cured SCALD HEAD.
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Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

Haverford, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.
Mr. Spalding.
Sir:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

Spruce Creek, Huntington Co., Pa.,
January 18, 1861.
H. C. Spalding.
Sir:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

Belle Vernon, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
Henry C. Spalding, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

Beverly, Mass., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. Spalding, Esq.

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One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio,
January 9, 1861.
Henry C. Spalding,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,
Dear Sir:

Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.
Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜

is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to Ministers, Teachers, and Singers, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE.
Established in 1855,
To supply Families and Schools with the best Teachers;
To aid Teachers to suitable appointments;
To Buy and Sell School Properties;
To give parents information of *good Schools*;
To sell books and every kind of School merchandise *at large discounts* from retail prices.
*** Any book sent by mail for Publishers' price.
☞ For complete Prospectus, address, *with stamp*, G. S. WOODMAN & COMPANY,
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Palmer
PATENT LEG & ARM.
1609 & 376 CHESTNUT St
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,
Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs are worn, (though few are suspected)* and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER Surgeon-Artist,
oct6-1y 1609 Chesnut St., Philada.

Certificate of Twenty-Eight Years' Use.

Newcastle, Westchester County,
N. Y., August 11, 1860.
Dr. B. Brandreth—

My Dear Sir—I am now seventy nine years old, and for the last twenty-eight years have been a constant user of your Vegetable Universal Pills when sick, fully realizing the advantage of enforcing purgation with a medicine, which, while harmless in its nature, removes all impurities. I can safely say that the vigorous old age I now enjoy has been caused mainly by the timely use of Brandreth's Pills. I have had in these last twenty-eight years several fits of sickness, and occasionally some infirmity of age would press upon me. At these times I have always found your Pills a sure remedy, giving me not only health but strength. I consider them, not only invaluable as a purgative, but also as a tonic. I have never during these last twenty-eight years used any other medicine whatever, being convinced, by experience, that none was as good. Brandreth's Pills have also been freely used by my neighbors in every kind of sickness, and have been never known to fail when promptly administered.

Yours truly, NATHANIEL HYATT,
Justice of the Peace for forty years in Westchester Co., N. Y.

These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at 294 Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. ap13-2t

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a fœtid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct20-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

6,000 AGENTS WANTED, TO SELL SIX NEW INVENTIONS—two very recent, and of great value to families; all pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps, and get 80 pages particulars. EPHRAIM BROWN,
ap13-6t Lowell, Mass.

Wit and Humor.

A MEETING OF MR. RAREY'S CONVERTS

A meeting of the hack-drivers, stable boys, hostlers, and others who attended Mr. Rarey's free exhibition, was held on Tuesday in the loft of Messrs. Hall & Bumpus's stable, in Bridle street, to exchange their sentiment regarding the exhibition they had witnessed, and to state its effects upon them. Mr. Jarvie presided. After a vote of thanks to Mr. Rarey had been offered and passed, George Staffle stated that he had tried Mr. Rarey's plan and found it first-rate. He had always been very hard on a horse, and beaten him severely, but now he knew he had done wrong. Every morning since he had heard Mr. Rarey, his practice was, the first thing upon going into the stable in the morning, to throw his arms round his horse's neck and ask his forgiveness for all his former cruelty. The result was that the animal would draw twice as heavy a load and not say a word against it.

Mr. Linchpin stated that since hearing Mr. Rarey he had not indulged in any profane language to his horse, but he had invariably used terms of gentleness, such as "Be kind enough to go on," "Don't please stand here in the way," and had found the horse perform much more satisfactorily.

Mr. Bridlebit had never felt any pity for a horse, and had regarded them as but little better than dumb beasts. He had been prosecuted five times for violation of the law against cruelty to animals, and he had that morning burnt half a cord of butts of whips that he had broken up on the backs of horses. His horses were formerly afraid of him when he went among 'em, but since they found out he was going to do differently they showed the greatest love for him, going so far as to eat up a pretty good jacket and a pair of overalls, belonging to him, out of pure affection.

Mr. Whiffletree had but that day experienced the benefit of Mr. Rarey's system. His horse became refractory and refused to draw a load consisting of five hogsheads of molasses, whereupon he strapped up one of his legs, and he lay down quietly in the slosh, permitting him to lie down by him, which he accordingly did, after which the horse got up and looked round as though asking his driver to put on another hogshead.

Experiences were also given by Messrs. Lash, Bitt, Spur, Blinder and others, and the meeting adjourned *sine qua*.—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

HOW UNCLE SAM GETS HIS WORK DONE

"Biynnks," in a letter written from Washington to the Nashville Patriot, thus shows up the economy of the Federal Government:

The way the Government gets its work done is curious. As an illustration, you and your family meet in convention of the whole, and adopt a resolution authorizing the construction of a hen-coop in your back yard. You at once appoint me superintendent of the work, putting a thousand or two dollars in bank for me to check on. I get you to appoint my brother-in-law chief engineer.

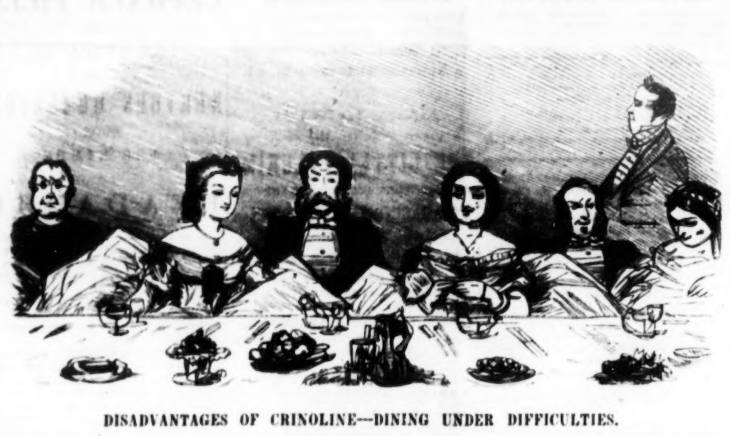
I appoint two of my brothers assistant superintendents, and my brother-in-law appoints two of his brothers assistant engineers—all at your expense. We buy us each a fast horse and buggy, and ride around town, drink cocktails and play billiards, until the bank deposits gives out, when we make out a printed report of seventy three pages, furnishing you a complete topographical survey of your back yard and a vast amount of statistical information with regard to the number of hens you are likely to have for the next forty years. We wind up the report with the announcement that the site of the hen-coop has been selected, and a call for another appropriation to prosecute the work, which we assure you will be done with "vigor." You place another thousand or two in bank, and we employ two hundred hands at three dollars a day to transport seventy-five cents' worth of lumber (which costs you under our management about ten times as many dollars) to the place of operations, which requires about three months.

In the meantime, we drive around and go on vigorously with the liquor and billiards. We then come up with another report and a demand for another appropriation. With this we get the walls of the structure up, and with one or two more appropriations, and a great many more cocktails and billiards, we get the thing covered in; and at the end of twelve months, which we very appropriately style our "fiscal year," we put you in formal possession of a ten thousand-dollar hen-coop, that any negro carpenter would have been glad to knock up some Saturday afternoon for a suit of your old clothes.

A Toad with a "Kivver."—An Irishman who had been but a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in a suburban town, being sent with a note, with the command to make all possible haste, found on his way a turtle, which he picked up, supposing it to be a pocket-book. Determining to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, anticipating a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he had reached home the turtle had made its way nearly out of his pocket, and Patrick, quietly reconsigned him to his pocket. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, he rushed wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook, "Bessie, Bessie, *did ye iver see a toad wid a kivver?*"

☞ "Why don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you?" "I have asked her." "What did she say?" "Oh, I've the *refusal* of her."

☞ What is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss eries.



DISADVANTAGES OF CRINOLINE—DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Too Much for the Pay.—A church in a neighboring city has an ambitious organist, who delights to interweave with his voluntaries and preludes extracts from operas and other profane music; and not only this, he will occupy a great deal of time in executing his brilliant flourishes. All this wearies and disgusts some of the good people, who do not enjoy leaving church after a solemn sermon to some jumping, dancing tune, and who are impatient to get on to the next verse, while the extravagant organist is playing his long interlude.

One Sunday, a good brother was more than usually disturbed in his devotions by the performer in the gallery, and he determined to delicately hint to the man his feelings on the subject. So, on after going out of the church to the tune of a pretty waltz, he met the organist, and said,

"Mr. ——, what salary do you get for playing the organ?"

A smile of pleasure played over the features of the musician, for he thought he saw in the remark the prospect of an increase of salary, and he therefore replied:

"But four hundred dollars! and it's not near enough. Mr. R——, at —— church, gets six, and is not anything of a performer!"

"Only four hundred dollars!" blandly responded the old gentleman. "Only four hundred dollars! Now, if I were you, *I wouldn't give them so much music for it.*"

The musician's crest fell, and he departed in embarrassment.

"Two Many Irons in the Fire."—A countryman visiting Detroit recently, attempted to carry two pigs under one arm, a coop full of chickens under the other, and a quart of eggs in his coat-tail pocket. The beginning of his troubles was to drop one of the diminutive porkers, which shot around the corner like greased lightning. He laid the coop on the other to hold it down, and started in pursuit, returning victorious to find his other pig released by the benevolent action of an old sow, who upset the coop and freed the prisoner. Imprisoning the other in like manner, he started in pursuit again, and in course of twenty minutes loomed up with piggy No. 2 under his arm. By this time No. 1 had wiggled out and was gone again; whereat he was so enraged, that he sat down on the eggs unawares and smashed them. Descrying the truant in a neighboring street he dashed after him, tumbled over a gutter plate, and saw both of his porcine tormentors disappear under a barn with a flirt of their short tails. Wending his way sorrowfully back to the coop, he arrived in time to see the last of his biddies disappear over a picket fence in the distance, released by the mischief of some malicious boys, that sat on the curbstone and asked him what he was looking for. When last seen, he was using his best endeavors to trade the coop for a bottle of lemon pop—making the best of adverse circumstances.—*Free Press.*

"A Slick Bigger than the Loaf."—While walking through Church street a few evenings since, "The Subscriber" came up with two negro boys, aged respectively ten and fifteen years. The younger one carried an apple in his hand, and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain "just one bite" of it.

The larger one took the apple, opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a 150 lb. cat fish, and brought it down on the fruit, leaving but a very small portion on the other side.

"Thunder, Jim!" said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, "just you take the apple and give me the bite, won't you?"

A Good Idea.—Some gentlemen cruising on a part of the Irish coast, observing that about the same hour every day a boat, containing two men and a woman, landed its passengers on the shore, and after a short time returned with them, inquired the reason. "My man," said he, "what makes you come here every day? Is it that you like it?" "Oh, your honor not at all; but, your honor, the wife and me's going soon to Australy, and so we're just practicing the say-sickness, that we may be used to it when we start." "Well, and do you find yourself improving?" "Ah, sure, your honor, the wife's sick every day, but she's getting on purtily, anyhow!"

☞ People with long necks enjoy drinking, as the liquor is tasted all the way down, as it goes.

☞ Dimity is named from Damietta, a town in Egypt celebrated for its manufacture.

BITTERNESS.

We sat among the ripe wheat sheaves;
The western skies were golden red:
We had a book; we turned the leaves;
But not a word we said.

A sudden lull; a thrilling pause;
We seemed at once one thought to have.
We little could divine the cause
That such a moment gave.

A minute that comes once and goes;
That must be snatched at once or lost:
Oh, foolish heart!—but something rose
In me. Our Fate was crossed.

We rose up from the shining sheaf;
We looked back at the setting sun;
We scarcely spoke; we seemed to grieve
The golden day was done.

And on the morrow I was gone,
Who could not speak for paltry fear.
The morrows will go gliding on,
And we find each a bitter one,
Nor meet for many a year.

T. A.

A MILITARY PIG.

During the last war with Great Britain, a very remarkable circumstance occurred in connection with the invasion of Canada. A company of Kentucky volunteers destined for Shelby's army had their rendezvous at Harrodsburg, in Kentucky, and formed a sort of nucleus or rallying point for the military recruits of that part of the country. When they marched from Harrodsburg towards the Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their way, they noticed two pigs fighting, and delayed their march to see it out. After they had resumed their march, the pig which had been the victor in the contest, was observed to follow them.

At night, when they encamped, the pig found a shelter near, and halted also.—The next day the pig accompanied the troops as before; and thus it marched every day and halted every night with the soldiers, or near them. When they came opposite Cincinnati, at which place the troops were to cross the Ohio in a ferry boat, the pig, on getting to the water's edge, promptly plunged in and swam across, and then waited on the other side, until the whole cortege crossed over, and then renewed its post upon one side of the moving column. Thus the animal kept up with the troops until they crossed the State of Ohio and reached Lake Erie. On the journey, as the men grew familiar with their comrade, it became a pet, receiving a share of the rations issued to the soldiers, and, destitute of provisions as the troops found themselves at times, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow-soldier. What they had was still shared, and if the pig fared as scantily as the rest at times, it still grunted on, and manifested as much patriotism in its own line as bipeds it accompanied did in theirs. At the margin of the Lake she embarked with the troops, and went as far as Bass Island. But when offered a passage over into Canada, she obstinately refused to embark a second time. Some of the men attributed her conduct to constitutional scruples, and observed that she knew it was contrary to the Constitution to force a militia pig over the line. She therefore had leave to remain.

After the campaign had closed, the troops recrossed the Lake, having left some of their horses on the American side. As soon as the line was formed, to the great surprise of the troops, there was the pig on the right of the line, ready to resume her march with the rest. By this time the winter frosts had set in, and the animal suffered greatly on the homeward march. She made out, however, to reach Maysville, where the troops recrossed the Ohio river. There she gave out, and was placed in trusty hands by Governor Shelby, and finally taken to the Governor's home, where she passed the rest of her days in ease and indolence.

There are many in Kentucky who can now attest the truth of this remarkable story.

Gœthe's Praise of Napoleon.—Napoleon was Gœthe's idol. "Napoleon was the man!" he said. Light and clearness being in his view the supreme gifts, he described Napoleon as "always enlightened, always clear and decided, and endowed with sufficient energy to carry into effect whatever he considered advantageous and necessary. His life was the stride of a demi-god. He was found in a state of continual enlightenment. On this account his destiny was more brilliant than any the world had seen before him, or perhaps will ever see after him."

☞ Kisses and apples are very similar; they should never be tasted without paring.

Teas.—The signification of some of the names by which teas are known are as follows, making due allowance for the changes they undergo, in form and sound, in being Anglicised:—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring. "Hyson Skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term of which is "tea-skin." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe," or "Pecco," means "white hairs"—the down on the tender leaves. "Souchong," "small plant."

☞ Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

Agricultural.

BLEEDING OF VINES.

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether a grape vine is injured by the excessive bleeding which ensues whenever a branch is cut off late in the spring. A paragraph has just met our eye in Lindley's "Theory of Horticulture," which is decisive on the point. He says:

"Nothing is more strictly to be guarded against, than the disposition to *bleed*, which occurs in some plants when pruned, and to such an extent as to threaten them with death. In the vine, in milky plants, and in most climbers or twiners, this is particularly conspicuous, &c., &c. * * * * * This property usually arises from the large size of the vessels through which sap is propelled at the periods of early growth, which vessels are unable, when cut through, to collapse sufficiently to close their own apertures, and they necessarily pour forth their fluid contents as long as the roots continue to absorb them from the soil. If this is allowed to continue, the system becomes so exhausted as to be unable to recover from the shock, and the plant will either become very unhealthy, or will die. The only mode of avoiding it is, to take care never to wound such trees or vines at the time when their sap first begins to flow; after a time, the demand upon the system by the leaves becomes so great that there is no surplus, and, therefore, bleeding does not take place when a wound is inflicted."

The *moral* of this, so far as grape vines are concerned, is, to prune them in the fall, or, if the work be delayed until spring, to do it early, before the first flow of sap. Sometimes it becomes desirable to remove a large cane late in the spring, and various means have been tried to prevent the excessive bleeding at such times. Mr. Downing recommended the use of gum-shellac paste; but we know, from experience, that it is not efficacious; the strong tide of sap bursts through it and soon washes it away. Others have recommended the insertion of a raw potato on the cut end of the branch; but this has also failed in our garden, after repeated trials.

Sir Andrew Knight published a remedy which he had practised with success; it is as follows: "If to four parts of scraped cheese be added one part of calcined oyster shells, or other pure calcareous earth, and this composition be pressed strongly into the pores of the wood, the sap will instantly cease to flow; so that the largest branch may be taken off at any season with safety."—*American Agriculturist.*

THE USES OF MOUNTAINS.

Mr. Ruskin notes it as one of the most prominent uses of mountains, that they cause perpetual changes in the soils of the earth. The physical geographers assure us that if the whole matter of the Alps were shovelled out over Europe, the level of the continent would be raised about twenty feet. And this process of levelling is continually going on. By a calculation which he made in the valley of Chamouni, Mr. Ruskin believes that one of the insignificant runlets, only four inches wide and four inches deep, carries from Mont Blanc eighty tons of granite dust a year; at which rate of theft at least eighty thousand tons of the substance of that mountain must be yearly transformed into drift sand by the streams, and distributed upon the plain below. On Whiteface Mountain, of the Sandwich group, a slide took place in 1820, which hurled down huge blocks of granite, sienite, quartz, feldspar, and trap-rock, and cut a deep ravine in the sides of the mountain, several miles in extent. But compensation was made in part for its destructive fury. An extensive meadow at the base, which had borne only wild, coarse grasses, was rendered more fertile by the fine sediment, here and there four or five feet in depth, that was distributed upon it, and now produces excellent grass and white clover. Take a century or two into account, and we find the mountains fertilizing the soil by the minerals they restore to it, to compensate the wastes of the harvests. The hills, which, as compared with living beings, seem everlasting, are, in truth, as perishing as they. Its veins of flowing fountains weary the mountain heart, as the crimson pulse does ours; the natural force of the iron crag is abated in its appointed time, like the strength of the sinews in a human old age; and it is but the elapse of the longer years of decay which, in the sight of its Creator, distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm.

ORIGINAL RECIPES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Eye-Water for Horses and Cattle, to be used with a syringe daily:

Sugar of lead, 1 drachm.
Tincture of Digitalis, ½ an ounce.
Soft water, 1 pint.

Shake when used. This also constitutes a fine cooling lotion for severe bruises from kicks or otherwise.

Bloodwarts may soon be removed by applying the following lotion for a few successive days:

Nitrate of silver, 1 drachm.
Soft water, 1 ounce. Mix.

Colic and suppression of urine in horses may be quickly relieved by administering in a pint of warm ale or water the following mixture:

Sweet spirits of nitre,
Turpentine,
Laudanum, of each 1 ounce.
Oil of juniper, ½ an ounce. Mix.

Winslow, Ill. C. E. A.

Effects of Chloroform on Bees.—The other afternoon (says an exchange paper) Mr. Annan, builder, Downfield, wishing to have the honey taken from a hive without killing the bees, and having before heard of chloroform being used, felt anxious to try the experiment. He first closed the doorway, then covered the hive with a cloth to shut out the light as much as possible, after which he commenced to blow chloroform into the hive. When it was discovered that the bees had fallen asleep, they were easily removed to another hive without harm to any one, and next morning were all awake and in a lively state, humming around their hive, no doubt wondering what had happened. This being a successful and useful experiment in keeping the bees alive, we think it right to make it known for the benefit of others.

Syrup from Water Melons.—J. D. T., of Sharon, has sent us an account of an experiment he made last year in the manufacture of syrup or molasses from water melons. He states that he hired for the season a piece of ground "three rods square," which we suppose means nine square rods, for which he paid $2.75—manure and team-work included. He puts down the cost of planting at $1; hoeing six times, at twelve and a half cents each, 75 cts.; harvesting and making syrup two days, $2; or a total cost of $6.50. The quantity of melon-juice obtained was 144 gallons, which was boiled down to 40 gallons (or at the rate of about eleven to one), in which condition he says it was the best syrup he ever saw, and sold at 50 cts. a gallon, leaving a net profit of $13.50 for the nine rods of land.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Useful Receipts.

New Way of Boiling Fish.—The addition of a few herbs and vegetables in the water gives a very nice flavor to the fish. Add according to taste, a little sliced onions, thyme, bayleaf, winter savory, carrots, cellery, clove, mace, using whichever of these ingredients you can procure; it greatly improves skate, fresh haddocks, gurnet, &c. Fresh water fish, which have no particular flavor, are preferable done thus, with the addition of a little vinegar. Choose whatever sauces you please for any of the above fish.

Fish in Oven, in Tin Dish.—A long, square tin dish, like those for baking, may be used for this excellent mode of cooking fish, by which all the flavor and succulence of it is preserved. They may be had of all sizes, and at a very trifling expense.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

To Clean Tainted Barrels.—The best method for cleaning tainted barrels is to put one peck of charcoal and one teacup of saleratus into each barrel, fill them up with boiling water, cover tight, and let them stand until cold.

Scratches.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer, says his method of curing scratches in horses, is to rub on West India molasses a few times. He has never known it to fail. Wonder if here is not a new use for sorghum syrup?

Ink for Marking Linen.—To make a good ink for printing on linen with types, dissolve one part of asphaltum in four parts of the oil of turpentine, and add lampblack, or black lead in fine powder, in sufficient quantity to render the ink of a proper consistence for the process.

Care of Stoves and Pipes.—When stoves are no longer needed, they are quite frequently set aside in an out-building, or other out of the way place, with no further thought, until again wanted for use. If neglected, the rust of the summer, may injure them more than the whole winter's wear, particularly the parts made of sheet-iron. They should be kept as free from dampness as possible, and occasionally cleaned if rust be observed. W. Conrad, Somerset county, Pa., recommends to apply a coating of linseed oil to the pipes before putting them away. It should be done while the pipes are warm (not hot) and kept at a low temperature five or six hours. This, he says, will impart a fine lustre, and prevent rusting.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 9, 3, 12, 24, is a county in Illinois.
My 19, 14, 27, is a river in North Carolina.
My 29, 25, 39, 27, 19, 36, is a town in Louisiana.
My 31, 33, 21, 26, 12, is a county in Ohio.
My 24, 14, 31, is a lake in British America.
My 15, 27, 11, 13, 7, 20, 1, is a town in Georgia.
My 23, 19, 38, 2, is a town in Mississippi.
My 20, 30, 34, 8, is a river in the Western States.
My 35, 9, 32, 7, 22, is a county in Arkansas.
My 31, 20, 33, 6, 12, 36, 26, 13, 39, is one of the United States.
My 23, 27, 18, 11, is a town in Missouri.
My 25, 28, 1, 23, 12, is a small island in the West Indies.
My 11, 27, 6, 23, is a lake in the United States.
My 23, 37, 3, 8, 13, is a county in Michigan.
My 31, 2, 13, 9, 37, 35, 15, 11, 27, is a large town in Pennsylvania.
My 17, 33, 27, 20, 1, is a lake in the United States.
My 4, 23, 16, 6, 31, is a county in Maryland.
My 20, 10, 6, 8, is one of the United States.

My whole is one of the oldest places in the Southern States.

Nachitoches, La. "OMEGA."

LITERARY ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 13, 2, 17, 3, 5, 9, 23, 17, is a distinguished British poet.
My 14, 7, 6, 13, 14, 11, 4, 17, 20, is a celebrated American author.
My 13, 1, 20, 18, 11, 15, 8, 2, 17, 21, 2, 18, 20, 17, 8, is the title of a celebrated poem, written by a monk several centuries ago, but translated and revised by an eminent American poet.
My 12, 2, 7, 8, 20, is an English author.
My 21, 16, 24, 20, 22, 21, is an American poet of some repute.
My 13, 10, 11, 5, 2, 7, 12, 9, 7, 18, 23, is the title of a novel by Charles Kingsley.
My 9, 13, 4, 10, 17, 7, 3, 9, 6, 20, 22, 15, is the title of a novel by Sir Walter Scott.
My 21, 7, 18, 10, 8, 20, 5, is the name of a publisher of a widely circulated magazine.

My whole is the name of an eminent American poet. ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

Bartlett, Carroll Co., N. H.

TRANSPOSITIONS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

Take my first five, and transpose, and I cling to the earth.
Take my last six, and transpose, and I am familiar to an army.
Take my first two and last two, transpose, and you'll see I am never behind.
Take my four middle letters, read backwards, and I become imperative.
My whole is in everybody's mouth.

BY WILLIAM WINDSOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a tree which with cedars will vie;
My second the tenderest part of the eye;
My whole is a fruit which to none will give place,
For delicate flavor and exquisite taste.

S. S. LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a headless nail;
My 2nd is a paved way;
My whole is an officer in the French and Indian war.

F. R. WALLACE.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain fraction, such that if 2 be added to the numerator, the value will be ¼; but if 3 be subtracted from the denominator, the value will be 1-5. What is the fraction?

Glenon, Ga. A. W. HATCHER.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B and C are living in a scalene triangle in respect to each other; each living on one of its corners. The distance between A and B is 500 perches; between B and C, 600 perches; and between C and A, 700 perches. Now they wish to erect a church in such spot between them, that all three should be an equal distance from it. It is requested to find that spot, and tell the distance that each of the said three men will have to go to the same? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why are some of the ladies of the present day like the lilies mentioned in the Scripture? Ans.—Because they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

☞ Why is Siam like England? Ans.—The one is the *land of Eng*, and the other is England.

W. A. P.

☞ Which is the smallest bridge in the world? Ans.—The bridge of the nose.

☞ "Well, Sam, why am a cross baby like the break of day?" "Go way, dah; I gub em up." Ans.—"Because it is a roarer (Aurora)."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"Si quæris peninsulam amœnam circumspice." "If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here." —*The motto of Michigan.* MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Eleusinian Mysteries. RIDDLE—A pin. REBUS—Tchany, in Asia. CHARADE—Washington. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—62.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published March 23rd.—The sides, 170.727 perches; area, 78 acres, 26 perches.—Times, Centreville, Maryland.

Answer to W. K. Gondy's PROBLEM, same date.—49½ feet from the ground.—J. F. Humes, Manor Dale, Pa.—Times, Centreville, Md.—W. A. P., Allegheny City, Pa. J. R., Green Conneaut, Ohio. A. D. Young, Laurence Co., Pa. Ansel Pillsbury Cleveland, Ohio. R. Barto, Schuylkill, Co., Pa. T. R. S., Philadelphia. Sam Moisa, ——, Richardson Vasey, Morgan Co., Ill. Thomas J. Henry, Aurelius N. Y.